YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ NOV. 12
VOL. 2, NO. 21
1943

By the men . . for the men in the service

Report on the Australians Who Captured Lae

PAGE 2

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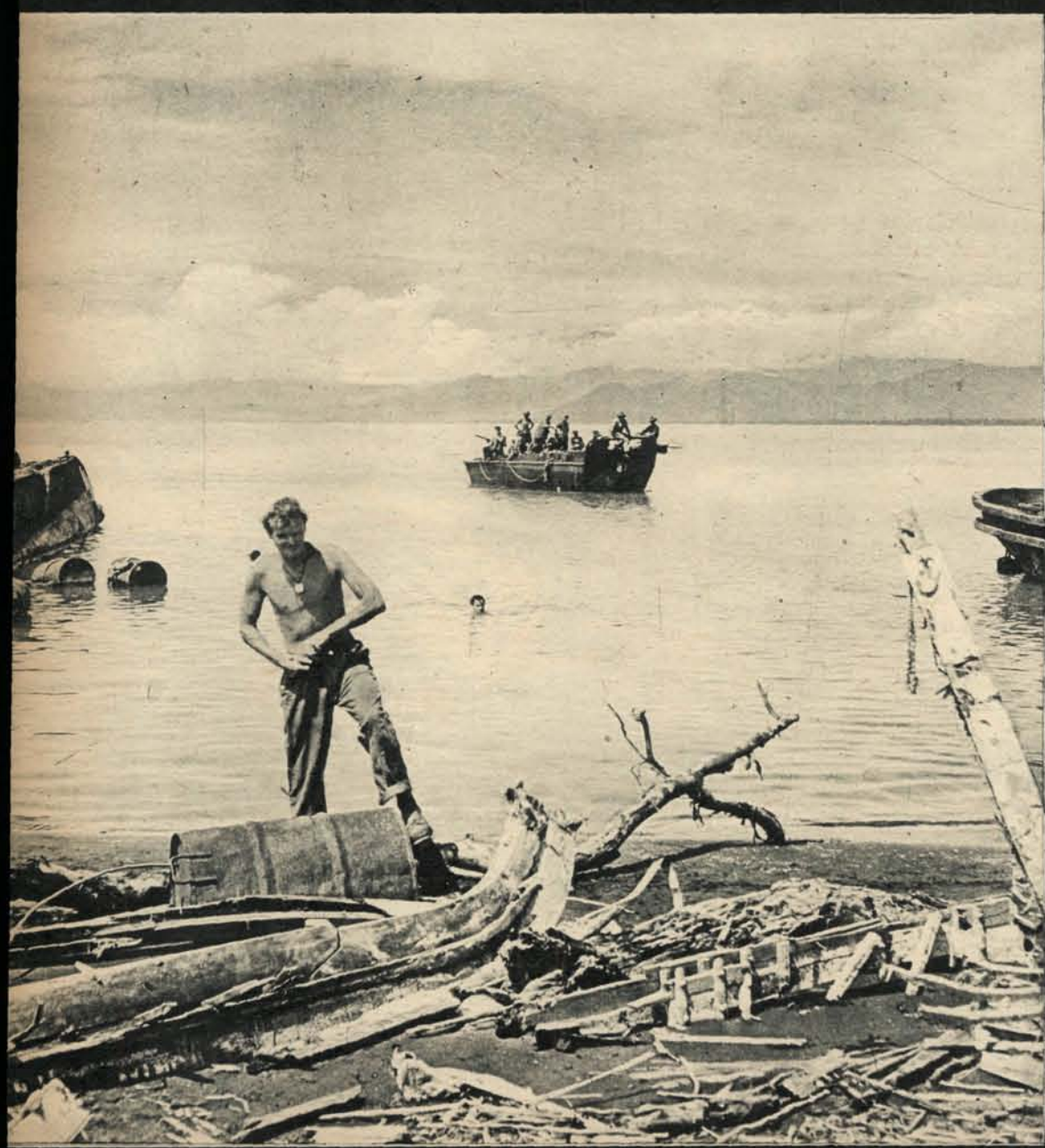
AN AUSSIE WITH SOME JAP BOOTY, A NAVAL HELMET AND RIFLE.

TWO OFFICERS DEMONSTRATE THE WEARING OF A JAP BULLET-PROOF VEST.

INFANTRYMEN TRUDGE



THE FIRST AMERICAN LANDING BARGE TO REACH LAE COMES INTO DOCKS WHERE AUSSIES ARE SWIMMING.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE AUSTRALIAN FORCES IN LAE, NEW GUINEA—The fight to take Lae, the important Jap stronghold in New Guinea, was a race between the Australian 9th and 7th Divisions. The Aussies looked upon the Japs as merely annoying obstacles between them and the finish line at Lae, like the water jumps and hurdles in the last lap of a steeplechase race.

Gen. MacArthur had called the 7th Division the greatest jungle fighters in the world after they helped our American troops whip the Japs in the Buna and Gona campaigns. Gen. Montgomery had called the 9th the greatest desert fighters in the world after they held Tobruk and helped the British Eighth Army turn back Rommel in the historic battle of El Alamein. Now the men of the 9th were back from Africa, fighting in the jungles instead of the desert. They wanted to beat the 7th at its own game. Reaching Lae first would be one way of doing it.

The men of the 9th held the Allied southern flank at the Busu River, 14 miles from the center of Lae. The 7th Division had landed by air at Nadzab Airdrome in the Markham Valley on the other side of Lae.

To a group of American amphibian engineers at Busu Village, the Aussies of the 9th had boasted that it would take them "about 14 days" to capture Lae. The Yanks whistled skeptically when they heard the calm prediction, but a few days later they changed their mind. News came back that the 9th had slashed a way through the jungles, wading and swimming a couple of rivers, and had chased the Japs back nine miles. The Aussies were now only five miles from Lae.

I slung my jungle pack, carbine and camera and caught the first supply barge to the front. When our landing craft, loaded with medical supplies, ran up on the beach at dusk, I struck out on foot, hoping to get as close as possible

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AST A WRECKED BUILDING IN LAE. THE AUSSIES FOUND ALMOST ALL JAP INSTALLATIONS DAMAGED OR IN RUINS.

SOLDIER GETS COLD DRINK IN JAP ICE PLANT.

to the fighting before dark. But when I reached a 25-pounder artillery crew, they advised against pushing farther that night. A Jap patrol was reported somewhere in the area, they said, and Aussie sentries wouldn't bother to challenge anything that moved.

"We're going to fire our 25-pounders later tonight," said Pvt. Reg Dawson, hefty gunner from Melbourne. "And we're going to keep it up for several hours. Here's some cotton to stuff in your ears. It may help you to sleep." I strung my shelter half in the high *kunei* grass, crawled under my half-blanket and only woke up to three or four blasts all night.

Next morning, at a breakfast of tea, bully beef and dog biscuits, Dawson told me about the rivalry between the 7th and the 9th. Shortly after breakfast the phone rang at the artillery CP. The lieutenant came out of the CP and told the men to limber their guns on the tractors. They were to move up again. "We only stay a few hours or, at most, a night in each place," said Dawson. "That's how fast our infantry's moving up."

I hitched a ride in a jeep as far as the Basu River. A landing craft run by American amphibian engineers took us across the mouth of the river. When we were half way across, Jap shells whistled out of nowhere and plopped in the water about 100 yards from our boat. The coxswain, T-4 Tom Visnaw, an American Indian from Cedarville, Mich., altered his course a little after each shell splashed.

"Notice that these shells don't explode," Visnaw

The first American GI to enter the Jap stronghold in New Guinea tells how he moved in with the veteran desert fighters in the Australian 9th Division who were trying to beat the jungle fighting 7th Division at its own game.

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observed. "They're armor-piercing and don't go off if they just hit water. The Jap gun that's throwing 'em at us probably has run out of high-explosive ammo. It shoots when it hears our motor. But it always misses us by a mile." Just then a shell sent up a geyser 50 yards away—a short mile.

On the other side of the Busu River was an aid station where wounded Aussies were loaded aboard the "Busu ferry" on its return trips. Stretcher bearers were bringing the casualties in from the front. I offered one of the wounded Diggers a smoke and asked him about Jap resistance.

"The Jap fires on us when he's well hidden and at a safe distance," he said, "but he runs like hell when we close in on him. If he's trapped, he squeals like a pig. A lot of times he commits hara-kiri with a hand grenade when he sees our bayonets coming at him." I had heard this from other Aussies on my way up, and I was to hear it dozens of times in the days to come.

One of the Aussie medics pointed out shrapnel holes in the aid tent. "The Jap lowered his ack-ack guns yesterday," he said, "and burst shrapnel over our heads all day. But he won't bother us any more. One of our platoons knocked off his two guns last night with hand grenades and Bren guns."

Sitting on boxes of bully beef, we bounced along in a jeep over the narrow shore-line jungle track. All along the trail were marching men—artillerymen lugging their 25-pounders, mortarmen loaded down with shell cases, infantrymen wearing a lot of grenades and ammo but little else except small haversacks, each filled with a ground sheet, mess gear and rations. We passed through a couple of native villages occupied until recently by the Japs. Some dead Japs lay sprawled and bloated beside their equipment.

Now we were about a mile from the front, and the front was just another mile from Lae. Eleven of the 14 days had passed.

That mile to the front was a long one. The mud was knee deep from three days of rain. A great number of troops crowded the narrow trail. And my jungle pack, loaded with a jungle hammock, equipment and film, made 40 pounds seem like 80. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the front, at a shore-line area roughly marked by the wreck of a Jap transport off shore. Twenty-two Japs had been discovered in the remains of the transport, known as the *Malahang Wreck*, and had been killed shortly before we arrived.

About 50 yards ahead there was sporadic rifle, automatic-weapon and grenade fire. I dumped my stuff and reported to the commander of the "point" or lead platoon, Lt. Mervin Hall of Perth, Australia.

"Make yourself right at home," he said. "You can sleep in that foxhole over there. Tea (chow) will be ready soon. And look, you'd better get rid of that American uniform—it will make you look like something special to Jap snipers. See the supply sergeant. We just got in some new clothes. He'll give you a uniform."

The shooting ahead of us halted. The Japs were eating, too. As we finished our meal, a runner reported to the lieutenant with a message from battalion CP. It was a report on the day's fighting and the next day's plans. Lt. Hall opened his water-soaked map and called over his squad leaders. He said one unit had driven through as far as Malahang Mission, one mile inland, and that Malahang Airdrome, two miles behind the mission, had been cleared of its last pockets of Jap resistance.

"Tomorrow morning," said the lieutenant, "we start our big push into Lae. The drive will start from the mission, aim across the Bumbu River bridge into Chinatown and then fan out into Lae. The 7th Divvie isn't quite as close to Lae as we are, but from now on their job is easier because it's through open country."

When night fell our sentries were posted on all sides of our perimeter. In the CP dugout the lieutenant told how his platoon, which had been lead platoon for four days, had been the first to cross the Busu River. The men half-waded, half-swam across the wide, rain-swollen stream in the face of Jap fire without the loss of a single man. The platoons that followed Lt. Hall's lost a few men through drowning and Jap shrapnel. Then landing craft were brought down to ferry troops and supplies across the river.

"We advanced quite a way up the shore line one night," Lt. Hall said, "and had dug in when we heard a chattering of Jap voices from off shore. Some barges full of Jap marines were landing right behind us, evidently not knowing we had advanced so far and expecting to surprise us at dawn. We waited until every Jap left the barges and then we blasted them with everything from machine guns to hand grenades. They shrieked and wailed; some committed hara-kiri. None of them escaped."

Just then several guns barked from the direction of Lae. "Here's our nightly show," Lt. Hall yawned. Shells whistled overhead and thudded in the jungle several hundred yards behind us. This barrage kept up for about an hour with an occasional shell falling close to our area. Then it stopped abruptly. "The Japs do it every dusk and every dawn," said Lt. Hall. "Then they try to catch some sleep before our artillery opens up later in the evening."

We went to sleep in our foxholes fully dressed, rifles and grenades by our sides. Once during the night we woke up to the sound of Jap and Aussie machine-gun and rifle fire inland, but it lasted only 20 minutes.

Next morning I left Lt. Hall's platoon, which was to be in reserve in the final drive, and moved up to join another at Malahang Mission. This second unit was scheduled to go into the attack about noon. By jeep and on foot I made my way back to the Busu River, then five miles up the Yanga-Malahang trail, reaching the Mission around 10 o'clock.

Malahang Mission was a collection of buildings that had once housed a Lutheran church and native school. Jap mosquito bars were still strung in the buildings and scores of Jap books and papers littered the floors. The sickening odor of everything Nipponese filled each building. Aussies were hunting for souvenirs among the piles of junk.

Beyond the mission lay the Bumbu River. Aussie troops were streaming across a sturdy wooden bridge that the Japs had failed to mine or wreck. Everything was quiet. No shooting was coming from the direction of Lae.

Suddenly we heard the drone of airplane engines. A flight of Flying Fortresses wheeled over Lae and dropped a load of bombs. Then a second flight came over, but this time none of the Forts unloaded any stuff. They were followed by some Mitchells sweeping in low from the Huon Gulf. These, too, failed to strafe or drop any bombs.

It was 11 o'clock, time for our artillery barrage. The guns opened up right on the dot. Shells from 25-pounders whistled overhead for several minutes. Then the barrage stopped and all was quiet again.

We crossed the bridge to Chinatown. There were huge bomb craters all over the place. Very few of the tin and wooden shacks were intact. Almost all were shrapnel-pocked and many were bombed in. A sign lay near one of them. It read: "One Long See, Tailor."

One of the Aussies looking at the wreckage told me the battle was over. "The 7th Division beat us in by two hours," he said. "We came over the hill from Chinatown with fixed bayonets and what happens but up comes the brigadier of the first brigade of the 7th—and in a jeep!"

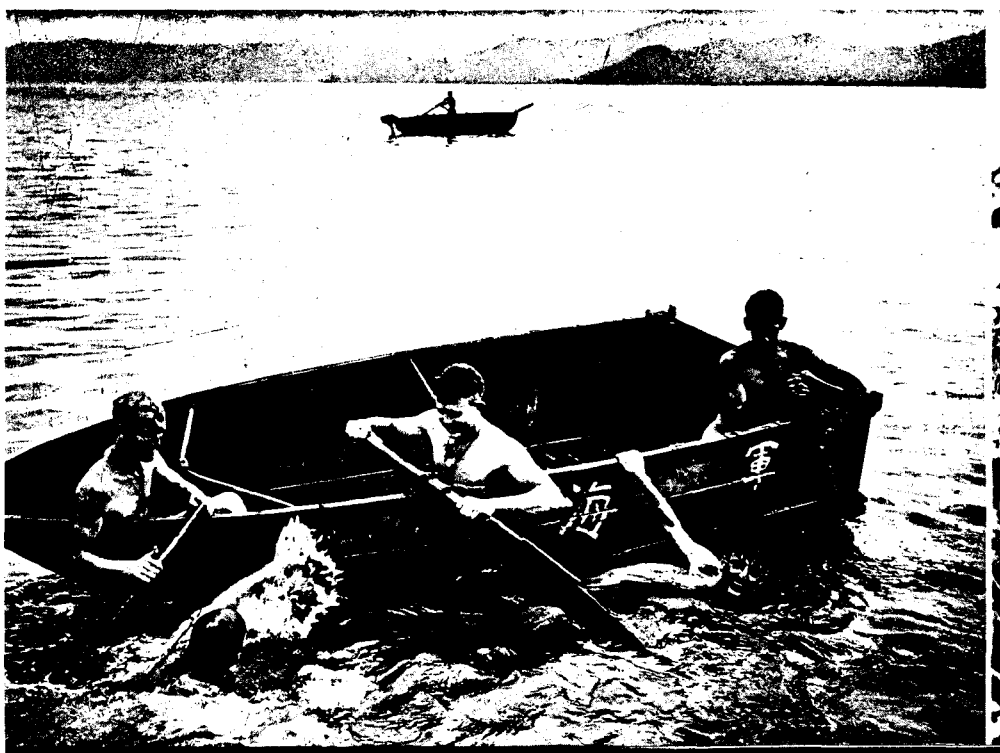
We went over the hill and looked down on Lae. There were Aussies all over the place, boiling billies of tea, sleeping, looking for souvenirs, riding Jap bikes and trucks and walking around in Jap sailor suits. Up on the terrace, where the Jap general used to live, the Australian flag was flying now.

The 7th had taken Lae before our Fortresses went over and before the 11 o'clock artillery barrage opened up. They had to withdraw or jump for Jap dugouts when the bombs and shells started falling. But they signaled to the flight of planes and sent word back to the 9th's artillery. That explained why the second wave of Forts and the Mitchells didn't drop any loads, and why the shelling ceased so abruptly.

A tanned soldier, dressed in Aussie uniform but wearing an American helmet and carrying a tommy gun, came up. He was Lt. Bernard R. Huetter of Spokane, Wash., an amphibian engineer liaison officer with the 9th Division. "Well," he grinned, "I beat you in. Guess that makes me the first Yank to reach Lae. But you're the first American enlisted man."

As we ate supper an Aussie colonel came by. "Your American Air Force practically won this battle for us," he said. "They bombed the place almost to bits. We got here in 12 days and four hours."

We spent the day looking at the ruins—more than 60 Jap planes of all kinds, bombed and wrecked on the overgrown airstrip; a harbor full of sunken or battered Jap barges; an ice plant, bombed but still in operation, where Aussies were filling their canteens, and a Jap brothel full of women's clothes and perfumes.



USING A JAP ASSAULT BOAT AS A RAFT, AUSSIES HAVE SOME FUN IN LAE HARBOR.

ARTILLERYMEN TRY OUT A JAP ACK-ACK GUN, IN JAP HANDS THE DAY BEFORE.

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AMERICAN TROOPS, TAKING A 10-MINUTE BREAK IN NAPLES, GIVE A ROUND OF APPLAUSE TO A GI WHO PASSES IN REVIEW WITH ONE OF THE LOCAL GIRLS ON HIS ARM.

AN ITALIAN WOMAN GRATEFULLY KISSES THE HAND OF A U. S. OFFICER.

STORIES FROM ITALY

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE
***Africa Stars and Stripes* Correspondent**

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY [By Cable to YANK]—Sgt. Edward A. Yost and his tank-destroyer crew had done well on the ranges at Camp Hood in Texas, but this was Italy, in those early crucial days of the Allied fight to hold the beach head. And those were Mark IVs coming at them.

Though he seemed to be calm, Yost was really intensely excited. This was the action for which he had dry-runned so long. "Claude," he said to the driver, "those Jerries will be coming up the draw. We'll pull up just behind the crest and wait for them."

Pvt. Claude Stokes of McAlester, Okla., maneuvered the gun so that it barely poked its muzzle over the ridge. The lead Mark IV headed into the draw. Yost gave the fire command: "Range fifteen hundred. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

The gunner, Cpl. Alvin B. Johnson of Snyder, Tex., fired, but the shell fell short. Yost revised the fire command: "Range thirteen hundred. Lead one half. Fire when ready."

Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. The Mark IV shuddered, exploded and burst into flames. Claude Stokes, the loader, shoved five more rounds of ammunition into the breech.

Five more times Pfc. Joseph O'Bryan of New Haven, Conn., slammed the breechblock shut. Five more times Gunner Johnson pulled the lanyard. Five more times direct hits were scored on the German armor advancing up the draw.

"Six for seven," said Yost. "Not a bad day's haul." He didn't mention the enemy's times at bat. The Germans had hurled more than a dozen rounds without hitting the tank destroyer.

Brave Italian Girl

THE bridge above Salerno was still under fire 10 days after the Allied landings. It was only a harassing fire; you dodged it the way you dodge traffic. But it threatened to break communications between our northern and southern forces.

For days strong British patrols probed the hills behind Salerno, searching for the lone 88 that spasmodically thundered a bracket of three shells onto the vital span linking the coastal highway.

Back at headquarters a little Italian girl was brought in by an Allied Military Government official to see the Allied staff officers. "Her name is Alma," the official said. "She can tell you where the battery is located."

Alma began speaking excitedly in Italian with gestures. A staff officer placed a large-scale map in front of her and asked her to point out the position. But Alma didn't understand the map, and the staff officer told the AMG official that the girl's information was of no value in directing the counterfire of Allied artillery.

Then the girl offered to lead them to a hill overlooking the German gun position. The staff officer protested that this would put her life in danger, but Alma said she wasn't afraid.

Soon the staff officer, an artillery observer and a patrol of men, led by the little Italian girl, were climbing into the hills. A field telephone was passed to the artillery observer, who sent a fire command back to his guns. The first round fell short, almost blowing the men and Alma off the hill. The next two rounds were almost on the target. The Allied officers and men watched with Alma as the German crew struggled to get their 88 out of the cavern. The fourth round was a direct hit.

Quick, Henry, the Carbine

IN Naples that day the snipers were thicker than flies, according to Cpl. Joseph Toporski, a paratrooper from Milwaukee, Wis. "And you know how thick flies are around here," he added. The Yank and one of his Tommy pals, a tanker from Leeds, Yorkshire, named Sam Wagne, were drinking at a bar that had just been opened for business.

"If there's something I don't like, it's snipers," said Toporski, "so me and another guy, finding ourselves all alone, just went down the street shooting. We got quite a few, and then they got my pal. I had no more carbine ammunition so I took his. I got a few more. Then it got too hot and I ducked inside a door." He nodded toward Wagne. "That's where I met my pal here."

The tanker took up the story. "It was very hot indeed. Inside the building it was very cool. While we were waiting, two girls came down and we got to talking. One of them was named Joan and one was called Marisa. We went upstairs and they had a phonograph and American records. They were old-fashioned records, but it was American music so we danced. We had a good time."

"And when it had quieted down outside," said Toporski, "we went out and worked our way back to our units. I got another sniper on the way."

A Message Home

AN American infantryman lay in the evacuation hospital. He knew that people were calling him a hero and that his company commander had recommended him for a Silver Star. He didn't know he was going to lose the sight of his right eye. All the doctors had said was that maybe he wouldn't see so well in the future.

The American soldier had been wounded in the attack near Altavilla. About 150 of his company had gone up that hill; now there were 45 left.

"We sure caught hell," the infantryman said out of the blood-encrusted corner of his mouth. He shook his head. "I don't know why that is, but we always catch hell. I mean, an infantryman always has to take it, even when he's dishing it out."

He brushed a fly away from an open sore. "Look," he said, "our artillery is dishing out a lot more than it takes—any Jerry prisoner will tell you that. Our Air Force has just about washed the *Luftwaffe* out of the air in these parts, and that helps plenty. But Jerry with his machine pistol, his mortar and his 88 is just as tough and just as plentiful as he was in Sicily or Tunisia. I wish you'd tell that to those people back home who think this war is going to be over by Christmas."

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Branch, Special Service, ASF, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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THERE WERE FIGHTERS EVERYWHERE—ME-109s, 110s, JU-88s AND A FEW 190s. "THE WHOLE GODDAM LUFTWAFFE IS OUT TODAY," SOMEBODY SAID OVER THE INTERPHONE.

SCHWEINFURT RAID

A YANK reporter's eyewitness story of the Eighth Air Force's fiercest battle of the war—the big raid on the German ball-bearing plant in which 60 Flying Fortresses and 99 Luftwaffe planes were shot down.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A BOMBER BASE IN BRITAIN [By Cable]—It was still dark when they woke the crews. The fog lay thick and cold over the countryside that morning, and inside the barracks all was pitch black and silent except for the deep, steady breathing of the sleeping Fortress gunners.

I had been awake for some time and I heard the door of the next hut slam shut, and then the sound of footsteps outside. Someone struck a match and announced that it was 6 o'clock. Then the door opened and the lights went on, cold and glaring when viewed from a warm bed.

The squadron operations officer, bundled up warmly against the morning's cold in a sheepskin jacket and flying boots, walked toward the center of the room. He started to read the list of names from a slip of paper, quietly so as not to wake up those who weren't flying that day.

"Baxter, Blansit, Cavanaugh, Hill, Sweeney," he read. The men whose names were called sat up sleepily, slid their feet a little wearily to the cold floor and stayed there on the bunks, most of them, for a few seconds before getting dressed. They shivered in the damp and cold.

"Briefing's at 0730," the officer said. Then he went on to another hut.

The men dressed quietly, trying not to disturb those who could sleep a little later and secretly envying them. Next to me bunked Sgt. Bill Sweeney, a former tire salesman and now a gunner. He lit a cigarette and came over to my bunk and said he thought this would be a fine day to christen his Fortress, which had made a dozen missions but until now was without a name. This was the first mission since the crew had decided a few days ago to name the ship *YANK*.

I drew back the blackout curtain carefully and looked out at the gray morning. "It looks pretty foggy to me," I said. "You never can tell about English weather," said Sweeney. "You're very goddam right you can't," said a sergeant gunner sitting on the next bunk. "You never can tell."

We headed for the combat mess. There, in the noise of conversation and the clatter of dishes, we had a big breakfast and polished it off with a cigarette before walking on to the briefing.

It was beginning to get light now. The briefing room, like the mess hall, was bright and noisy, until a mild-mannered Intelligence captain rose to speak. He had a long ruler in his hand and he kept toying with it as if it were a swagger stick.

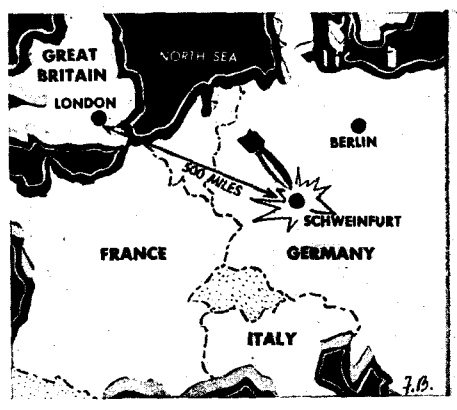
Nobody knew where we were going, and there was a dead silence as he raised his ruler to the map. He pointed first to our base in Britain, then moved the ruler slowly over the North Sea into Belgium, as though he himself were exerting a tremendous effort to get us over the target.

The ruler moved through Belgium slowly and ate deeper and deeper into Germany until I thought for a moment we were being briefed for Austria. Way down in the southern reaches of Germany near Frankfort the ruler stopped. "This, gentlemen, is your target for today—Schweinfurt."

The men listened intently, leaning forward from the long rows of benches and chairs. The air was clouded now with cigarette smoke. "Schweinfurt," the captain continued, "is the most important target in all of Germany. We cannot go ahead with other targets until it is seriously crippled."

The gunner ahead of us strained forward to get a better view of the map. "Half of Germany's ball bearings," the captain went on, "are produced at Schweinfurt, and ball bearings are important to Hitler. If we destroy these factories, we will have crippled the enemy's production of tanks and planes and submarines to a very great degree." Then the captain gave technical information about the target, the wind and the weather, and the briefing was over.

"I think this Schweinfurt is named after a very special kind of pig," said one of the radio operators as we headed toward the truck. We rode up the taxi strips to our head stand, where the crew stood around the ship. Station time was 30 min-



IT COST PLENTY BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

THE Eighth Air Force raid on Schweinfurt in southern Germany was probably the most devastating single air battle ever fought. We shot down 99 Nazi planes, scored 26 probables and damaged 17 others. It cost us 60 Flying Fortresses and two P-47 fighters (about $20,000,000 worth of equipment) and 593 men. But the raid crippled a vital German ball-bearing plant and, according to Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, it will help save thousands of lives when Allied ground forces move farther into Europe against the Nazis.

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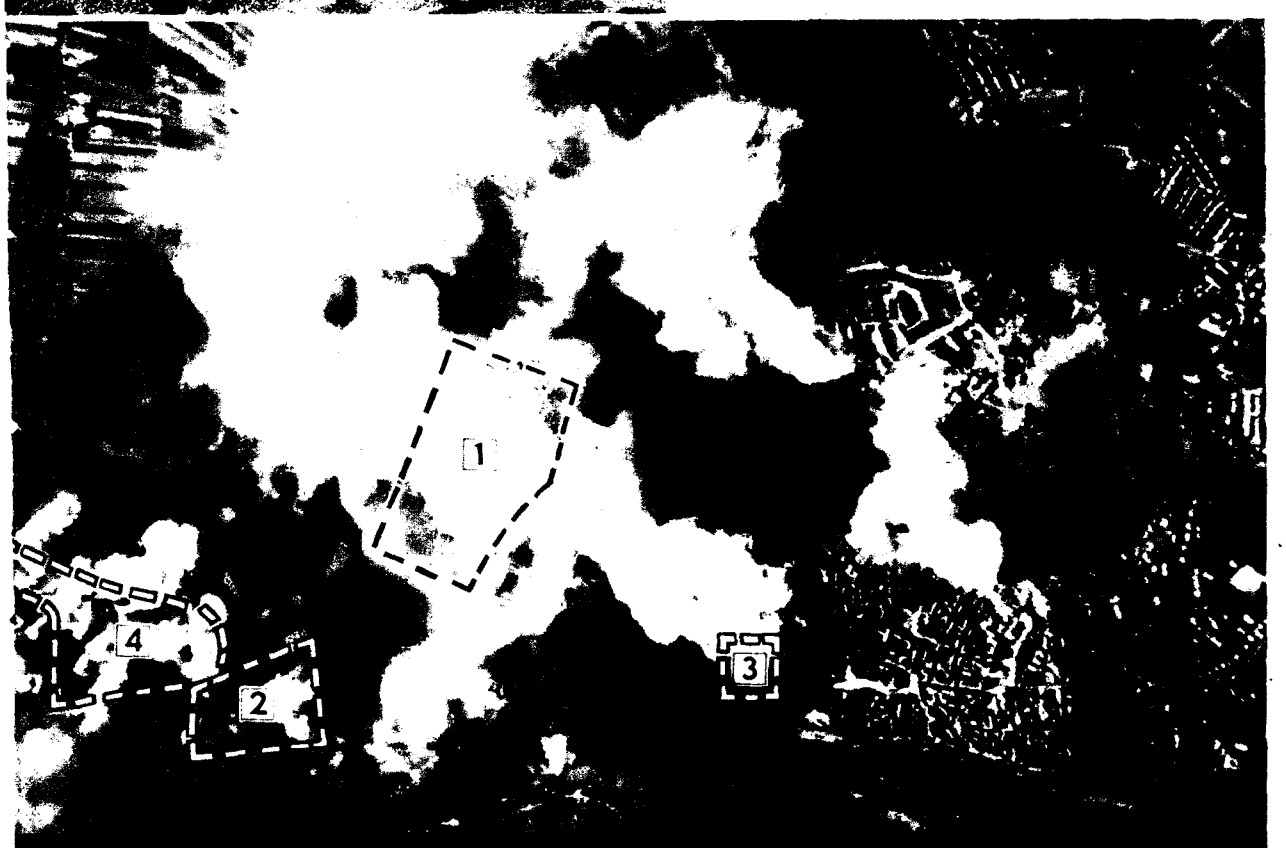

Over Schweinfurt during the raid. Numbers locate four main factories of ball-bearing producing center.

utes ahead, and the guns, ammunition, radio and bomb bays had been checked.

The skipper of *YANK* was a 21-year-old giant from Monterey, Calif., Capt. Ivan Klohe. While we waited for the take-off he wrestled with the two waist gunners, Sgts. Charlie Hill and Edward Cavanaugh. Though Cavanaugh was only a little over 5 feet tall, he succeeded in pinning the captain's shoulder to the ground, and Hill put a deadly lock on the captain's legs. The rest of the crew stood by and cheered for the gunners.

Then station time was announced. The men, suddenly serious, took their positions in the ship. I climbed into the nose with Lt. Howard J. Zorn, the navigator, and Lt. Richard J. Roth, the bombardier. "The right gun's yours," Roth said. *YANK* took its place on the runway.

Lt. Herbert Heuser, the co-pilot, announced over the interphone: "There goes *Piccadilly Queen*." We watched as she sped down the black runway, at 50, 60, then 90 miles an hour. It was a beautiful take-off. So was ours.

About 11,000 feet the pilot told us to check our oxygen masks. We put them on. Heuser imitated a fireside chat over the interphone. "My friends," he began, and the crew ate it up. Then he sang, and Cavanaugh and Zorn chimed in occasionally with a razzberry, a hard sound to produce over the interphone. There were more songs from Hill, from Sweeney and from Sgt. Roy (Tex) Blansit, the top-turret gunner. The war seemed beautiful at that point.

Our formation across the North Sea was perfect. We led the "Purple Heart" element, and in front of us the sky was literally clouded by B-17s. We counted as many as 190 and then quit counting. Zorn told us to look toward the long file of P-47 Thunderbolts on our right. They left a beautiful silver vapor trail behind them.

At 1302 the captain warned that we were approaching enemy territory. We were above 20,000 feet and suddenly over the interphone somebody shouted: "Unidentified vessels down below." A couple of seconds later he said: "They're shooting." "Why, the silly bastards," somebody else remarked.

By 1330 we were over Luxembourg. The sun was still with us, and the nose was so hot we didn't even bother using our electric suits. A pair of white silk gloves was enough to keep our hands warm. Enemy fighters were getting hot about that time, too.

Heuser did most of the calling, singing out the fighters' positions in a cool and undisturbed voice. From his place he could see all of the planes, and he didn't miss a German. "Fighter at 5 o'clock high . . . fighter at 10 o'clock . . . fighter at 8 o'clock low . . . fighter at 3 o'clock . . . fighter at 12 o'clock. . . ."

There were fighters everywhere, but mostly on our tail. "The whole goddam *Luftwaffe* is out today," somebody said over the interphone. There were even Dornier bombers. There were single-engined ME-109s and twin-engined 110s. There were JU-88s and a few 190s. There were ME-210s and heaven only knows what else.

"This is nothing," Zorn said, evidently trying to calm me down. "We've seen worse on other raids. In about 25 more minutes we'll come to the target."

The captain put the Fort into a little evasive action, banking to the left and then to the right. On our right we sighted a huge column of smoke, like a great black cloud. That was the target. Liberators and Fortresses had passed the ball-bearing works already, scoring hits on the plant.

The navigator told me to look out on the left side. A couple of planes were burning there, a Fort and an enemy fighter. Three white chutes and one brown were floating in the sky nearby. The whites belonged to our boys. Under the brown chute was a German flyer.

"When the hell are we getting over the target?" Time had crawled by in the last 15 minutes. In 10 more we'd be there. Heuser was still calling the fighters off. They were coming in from all sides now, but not too close.

Looking back through the fuselage, we could see Tex's legs, his left one planted on a box of caliber-50s, the right one lazily dangling into space. From the interphone we knew that Tex was very busy in his top turret. His gun was tracking fighters all around the clock. Occasionally he concentrated his fire toward the tail, where his friend Sweeney was busy shooting at the enemy as they queued up from the rear.

A JU-88 and a 190 attacked Sweeney's position from 4 and 9 o'clock high. Tex's guns worked fast. Both planes peeled off. The 190 shied off but the 88 returned from about 500 yards to the rear, flying smack at Sweeney.

Tex called out directions to Sweeney. "You're shooting at him just a little high. Get him lower. A little lower." The 88 came closer and lobbed two of the rockets the Germans are using now—deadly looking affairs shooting out like huge red flames.

Tex kept on guiding Sweeney over the interphone. "A little lower, Bill." Bill fired a little lower. The 88 wavered, flipped over, and Sweeney and Tex saw the German catch fire and trail smoke. Then there was one JU-88 less, and one less JU-88 crew; they didn't get out.

Klohe headed the Fort northeast, hitting a straight course for the tall column of smoke 6,000 feet high that marked the target. At our level and even higher flak blackened the sky. Roth was ready. It was only a matter of 20 seconds before he released the bombs.

Then came a hell—great black balls of flak all around us. It seemed impossible to escape the barrage. We weren't having fighter trouble now; our enemy was flak and there was nothing we could do about it except to take evasive action. Klohe did just that, and he did it beautifully. It seemed a miracle that we ever escaped.

Suddenly we heard a loud, jangling noise, even above the roar of the four engines. I looked toward the navigator. A fragment of flak had broken through the plate glass at his side. Zorn lifted his head quickly, took off his gloves and fur cap, and felt around the part of his face not covered by the oxygen mask. He winked when he found that he was okay.

THE flak had stopped now but enemy fighters and fighter-bombers were back again. Heuser, too, was back on the job. "Fighter at 11 o'clock," Heuser announced. Zorn tracked the German with his 50s until the plane was out of sight. "Fighter at 12 o'clock," Heuser reported, and Roth followed him. "Fighter at 5 o'clock," and Sweeney was back at his guns. "Fighter at 2 o'clock," and I grabbed my gun and tracked the German until Heuser bawled me out for using too much ammunition. I stopped fast.

Now Heuser's voice again: "Fighter at 3 o'clock." Tex saw the fighter, recognized it as a 190 and waited until it came closer before letting loose a barrage. Sweeney congratulated him. From where Sweeney was, he could see the 190 spiral down and the pilot bail out. That was Jerry No. 2 for the boys of *YANK*.

A third fighter was claimed by Cavanaugh, the left-waist gunner, who bagged an 88. The plane went spinning toward the ground in flames but the crew of two bailed out.

All this time Sgt. Ralph Baxter, the ball-turret gunner, and Hill in the right-waist position were engaging two 88s. Baxter had spotted the Germans diving after a lone B-17, forced out of formation with a feathered engine, and he called to Hill for a hand. Between them they saved the crippled Fort from destruction.

It was about 1650 now, as we were heading home, but the watch on the panel wasn't running any more. We cussed, and when some more fighters came at us, we cussed some more. A half hour later flak started bursting again, but it wasn't as heavy as the stuff at Schweinfurt. Zorn said he thought we were near Amiens, France.

Just then I heard another loud jangle of broken glass as flak hit the left front plate. Roth ducked, but Zorn went calmly about the business of navigating. I put on a helmet and then took it off a few seconds later; it interfered with my vision and I wanted to see. Roth picked up a piece of flak and handed it to me. "Maybe you'll want this for a souvenir," he said.

We tried guessing the time. I figured it was about 1730. We were well across the English channel and in a few minutes the English coast would be in sight. Klohe began losing altitude. At 17,000 feet Roth and Zorn took off their masks, and I did, too. Zorn smiled.

Tired but happy voices began coming over the interphone. They were kidding again. Heuser sang. Zorn told us how sharpshooter Sweeney hadn't been able to hit a single skeet out of 15 a year ago. Somebody else kidded Tex because he was once rejected by the Army for flat feet. Cavanaugh gave the captain a riding over the interphone, and Klohe dished it right back at him. Personally, I just sat back and relaxed with a cigarette. The mission was over.

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A Californian in Neutral Arabia Keeps Oil Flowing To Feed Allied Tanks

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT—Arabia is a neutral country, and I had to put on a white shirt and pretend I was a civilian when I landed there. It is fairly easy for me to pretend to be a civilian. I was one for quite a long time before the war.

Arabia is not a pretty country. It is almost all desert and it extends for more than a thousand miles, burned and dead like the slag heap of history. Along the coast, 140 degrees is a normal temperature a good part of the year. At night it drops off to a brisk 110.

Near the Persian Gulf the air gets as sticky and wet as the inside of a mango. The sand, old and tricky in the monstrous sun, stretches unbroken by a single tree or blade of grass toward the deceptively lovely blue and green gulf waters.

Off the coast, the pearl fishers ply their trade, weighting themselves with stones and diving fathoms down through the warm waters to the oysters on the gulf bottom. The maharajahs of India come here in summer to buy the pearls.

There are several hundred Americans on the broiling sands of Arabia, acquiring a different kind of treasure—oil. They are not soldiers and will take no towns, and though they were bombed once, the chances of their facing enemy shells are now remote. They will win no theater ribbons or campaign medals, though ships have been torpedoed at the mouth of the gulf and oil men have gone down on them. Instead they do prosaic jobs like drilling and testing and surveying, like building refineries and producing gasoline and loading it on tankers.

The oil men live fairly well because their camp was set up long before the war. The comfortable houses, air conditioning and good plumbing remain as mementos of the days when the men had their families out here with them.

Balancing these conveniences are the fantastic, murderous heat, the loneliness, the boredom and the glare of miles of sharp, empty sand.

Before the war it wasn't so bad. The men got three weeks of leave a year to visit the cities of India and Iran and Egypt. And after three years they were sent home to the United States for three months of holiday. But since the war began in 1939 in this part of the world, the oil men have been rooted in this burning desolation.

Meanwhile they get the oil up, turn it into gasoline, ship it out on the rusty dependable tankers—to India, for the armies in India and China that are preparing to move against the Japs; to the Middle East, for the trucks that brought up the shells that pounded the Germans in North Africa and are pounding them now in Italy.

Some of the oil men have been closer to the war than many soldiers in the U. S. Army. George Mackey, a huge California oil-driller, was in Java when the Japs came rolling through. With oil fields burning behind him, he went through the jungle to Surabaya. The city was crowded with refugees, sailors, soldiers of all nations, putting up the last hopeless fight before the Jap tide swept in.

Mackey invited every American he could find to dinner on his last night in the doomed city. Fifty American sailors helped him eat rich Dutch food and drink good Dutch beer, in an American version of the scorched-earth policy. It was a great party, and Mackey was sorry when he had to leave to board one of the last ships leaving the harbor.

A couple of hours out, a Jap submarine surfaced and lazily shelled them for 45 minutes. At last the Jap tired of the sport and let loose a torpedo. Then it was women and children first and get the lifeboats away fast.

Some time later a U. S. destroyer showed up on the horizon and steamed swiftly down on the lifeboats. The *Isabella* was a small warship, but as Mackey says, "If anybody ever asks the name of the biggest ship in the world, I'll tell him it's the *Isabella*. She looked bigger than the *Normandie* as she picked us up out of the water, with all her guns ready in case the Jap turned up again."

But the Jap didn't turn up, and Mackey clambered up the ship's ladder. As his head cleared the deck, he heard a loud clear voice call: "Hiya, Mack! Glad to see you. Make yourself comfortable."

It was one of the 50 sailors who had gone through the Dutch food and the Dutch beer with Mackey the night before. He was standing at the rail with a tommy gun in his hands, staring out to sea, and he had time for only a quick look at Mackey, but he wore a wide grin of welcome.

"It just goes to show you," Mackey says, "it never does any harm to be friendly."

Then it was the bare land of Arabia, and digging through the sand and limestone, putting the precious pipe deep down into the hidden pools.

"What're you going to do after the war?" I asked him. "There's a lot of drilling to do right in California."

"I know," Mackey said, shaking his head sadly. "But I guess I'll come back to some God-forsaken joint like this. Back there it isn't the same thing. You live in a town and you pay social calls and you wear a tie." He grinned. "Too polite for me."

And he went out to the well he was drilling, bellowing good-naturedly at the natives to get them to push the pipe down 30 feet before lunch.

This Week's Cover

THE brawny Australian infantryman walking by a dead Japanese in Lae was photographed by YANK's Sgt. Dave Richardson, the first American enlisted man to enter the New Guinea village. See pages 2, 3 and 4 for more of Richardson's pictures and his account of the Aussie occupation of Lae.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 5—Upper, INP; left, Acme. 7—PA. 8—WW. 9—Signal Corps, PCD. 12 & 13—INP, PA and Acme. 16—Sgt. William Perry, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo. 17—Upper left, Abilene (Tex.) Army Air Field; upper right, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; left center, Sgt. Ferris; right center, PRO, Camp Lee, Va.; lower left, PRO, Avon Park Range, Fla.; lower right, USMC. 20—MGM. 21—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

Don't Look Now, Chum, But Isn't That a Dog in Back of You?

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—When the first contingent of Yanks arrived at this post, there was only one dog here. And the barracks bags of later arrivals were not supposed to have any room for excess baggage like live pets.

But when the canine star of a movie barked from the screen at a GI theater recently, a great howling was heard in the audience. It wasn't dogfaces; it was dogs. There's almost a regiment of them now, and they just ignore the ticket takers and walk right in.

Almost every breed is represented, not just Arctic huskies. That's what makes it puzzling, because where they came from, nobody knows. Anyway, they're here. The dogs even barge into church services—and to make matters worse, they come late. There are lots of theories about their origin, but only one really fits all the facts. It must have rained cats and dogs one night.

—Sgt. BOB DODSON
YANK Field Correspondent

THESE ARE U. S. INFANTRYMEN—AND THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A MOB OF THEM—OUT IN THE FIELD SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE ART OF BATTLE.

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This Iran Sergeant Chases Dirt From Bazar and Saves Kid from Death

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—Found! A bazar that isn't dirty and doesn't stink—well, anyway, not much.

Responsible for the cleanliness of the place, located in a coolie village near a gulf port, is T-4 "Caliph" Adams, one of about 40 Yanks stationed at the outpost.

There's not enough room at the port for the coolies to live, so they travel a few miles every day to their own village. This small community and the soldiers stationed there are technically under the control of Lt. Adam H. Harper and 1st Sgt. Eric S. Jacobson, but it's Adams who cracks the whip.

He has separated the coolies from their normal dirt, and though they don't exactly like it, none of them has died from the change so far. Adams makes several inspection trips to the local bazar each day. If he finds dirt in one of the dozen shops, he raises merry hell until it's cleaned up.

The shopkeepers smile, as if all this cleanliness were just a little bit silly and unnecessary, but they hop to it when Adams starts bellowing out orders in a voice that probably cracked the Liberty bell.

The natives know Adams is a right guy for at least one good reason. Last winter one of the native kids came down with pneumonia, and when that happens to a kid around here, he's given up for dead. But Adams put his foot down, saw to it that the kid got proper medical attention, chiseled fresh fruit and condensed milk from the Army mess and saved a life.

Now the kid's grateful mother is knitting Adams the damndest rug you ever saw. It's all wool—most rugs are part cotton—and she's putting the PGSC insignia in all four corners, with Adams' name, headline size, in the middle.

—Sgt. BILL MARTLEY
YANK Field Correspondent

Yank Soldier in Puerto Rico First to View Tribal 'Blood Dance'

PUERTO RICO — An Army aerial photographer, S/Sgt. Robert Berman of Philadelphia, recently became the first known white man to witness the "blood dance" of the Madras tribe of Hindus in the West Indies.

Berman stayed only for the first eight hours of the two-day ceremony, but he came away with a good idea of what it must have been like before the government stopped human sacrifices and caused the substitution of poultry or cattle as victims.

At high noon the sacrificial chicken was anointed, and then began a fanatical dance by the tribal priest, to the incessant rhythm of tom-toms. At the climax of the dance the priest beheaded the chicken with a quick flash of a machete and bent forward to catch a cup of the warm blood.

At this point Sgt. Berman grew a trifle uneasy; it was the custom in the original ceremony to mark the next victim with the blood of the last. He suddenly remembered that he had to see somebody on another part of the island.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Censor's Gift of a Buck Starts Gold Rush for Greenland GI's Kids

SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND—A lot of Yanks overseas may cuss the mail censors and mail restrictions, but not Pvt. Edward N. Kleitz of Plymouth, Ind. When the censor who scissored Kleitz's mail turned soft-hearted, the Kleitz family back in the States became richer by Kleitz-doesn't-know-how-many-hundreds-of-dollars.

The Hoosier GI spent one hitch with the Coast Artillery in Hawaii before the war. When war broke out, he re-enlisted, though he had a wife and five children back in Plymouth. Things went along okay until Kleitz received a cable from the States a couple of months ago, while he was hospitalized here in Greenland.

His wife, who had been working in a war plant, was ill and in a South Bend (Ind.) sanitarium, the cable said. Four of the children were in an orphanage.

So Kleitz, quite worried, wrote a letter to his oldest daughter, enclosing a couple of dollars and asking her to split it up among the four in the children's home.

Regulations against mailing currency almost prevented Kleitz from sending the money, but the post censor gave his okay, added a greenback and scribbled, "Here's an extra dollar for you.—The Censor."

Somehow the story reached the newspapers back in the States, and before anyone was quite sure what had happened, dollar bills began to roll in to the Kleitz family, as kind-hearted newspaper readers duplicated the censor's generosity.

The first day the family received $101, the second day $274, the third day $513. Kleitz doesn't know how far it has gone by now, but he credits the whole thing to the lieutenant who censored his letter.

—Sgt. ED O'MEARA
YANK Field Correspondent

IN PANAMA'S JUNGLE, PVT. THEODORE VAN KIRK OF KNOX, IND., TAKES A DRINK FROM A WATER VINE.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

ATTACK ON HASTINGS RIDGE

The story of an infantry outfit locked for five days in continuous hand-to-hand combat against the Japs in New Georgia, with all the exciting details of each separate assault by two- and three-man units on positions held by similarly small enemy groups.

22 Italians Bring 433 Germans From Corfu Into Italy as Prisoners

WITH ALLIED FORCES IN ITALY—When Italian forces on the island of Corfu, off the coast of Albania, heard about Italy's unconditional surrender, they didn't know how to act toward the German troops jointly occupying the island.

The Germans helped the Italians make up their minds. A Nazi major arrived from Greece with a surrender order, and the German forces manned well-placed machine-gun nests and field batteries. Obeying orders from Italy, the Italian forces resisted. In the ensuing battle, one of the first instances of organized combat between Italians and Germans, 433 Germans were captured.

In the next 10 days Corfu was repeatedly bombed and shelled by other German forces attempting to retake the island. As strong German units were approaching, Maj. Luigo Ottino received orders from the Italian command to proceed to an Italian port with the prisoners.

With only one other officer and 20 Italian soldiers, Ottino left Corfu in two open fishing boats with the 433 Germans. In the two-day journey across the Adriatic Sea, the Germans caused no trouble, and worked the pumps to keep the boats afloat. They were taken into Allied custody on their arrival in Italy.

While Ottino was crossing the water with his prisoners, the Italian forces remaining in Corfu were overwhelmed, 5,000 officers and men being captured and held by the Germans as "traitors."

—YANK Field Correspondent

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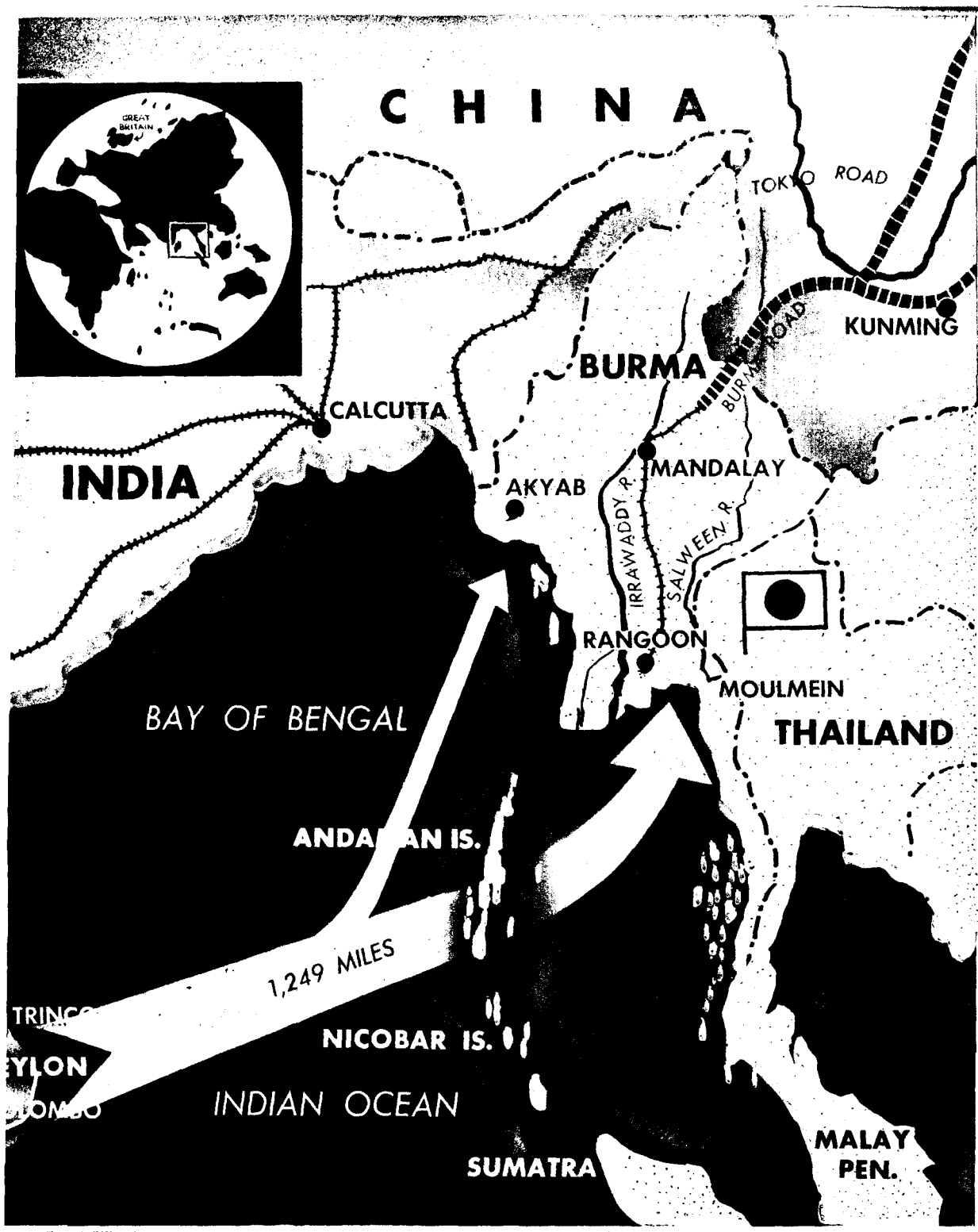

How About Burma?

United Nations forces under Lord Mountbatten are almost ready to start a drive into the country where they took a beating from the Japs early last year.

As the six-month monsoon season comes to a close in the Far East, the CBI theater of war begins to loom again as an important fighting front. In Burma and India, the rain is gone, the wind is down and by December the mud will harden. The time is ripe for the combined land, sea and air forces of China, Great Britain and the U. S. to prepare their first major drive against the Japanese in the Far East.

The pessimism so long associated with war events in the Far East is gone at last. British troops in India have already strengthened their front lines to get ready for renewed large-scale warfare. A force of East African troops recently left Nairobi, Kenya Colony, for India and Ceylon. Fighting between advanced enemy patrols on the Burma-India border is intensifying. Great combatant units of the British and American navies, released from the Mediterranean by Italy's surrender, are believed to be converging in the Bay of Bengal for the battle against the Nips on the mainland.

Incidentally, the Japs already have lost probably 180 warships of the five principal types and perhaps as many as 400 of all types. Today, against a maximum Jap naval strength of 10 battleships, 8 aircraft carriers, 35 cruisers, 75 destroyers and 80 submarines, the U. S. Navy alone totals 21 battleships, 15 aircraft carriers plus dozens of small auxiliary carriers, 60 cruisers, 320 destroyers and 195 submarines. Most of these American men-of-war are concentrated in the Pacific.

The air war particularly has sharpened in tempo, with P-38 Lightning fighters flying from bases in China for the first time. Most important, the Allied forces, stronger now than they have ever been, are merged into a single command under Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the former British Commando chief, now the supreme Allied commander in Southeast Asia.

The Allied forces are probably still not large enough to open an all-out offensive on many Jap positions. The complex business of logistics—supplying, transporting and reinforcing of large armies—is not sufficiently advanced to permit a many-pronged invasion of the vast enemy territory at the moment. However, limited drives are scheduled to start soon in Burma.

The opening action against the Japanese on the mainland will give us moral as well as military satisfaction. The repeated Allied defeats in the Far East and on the Western Pacific islands two years ago, when Japan conquered British, Dutch and American territories with terrifying ease, shamefully exposed the weakness of the United Nations then. Immediately after Dec. 7, 1941, whole empires disappeared in days, not months or years. Hong Kong, 18 days. Sarawak, 25 days. Malaya, 55 days. Singapore, 70 days. Java, 92 days. Sumatra, 110 days. Bataan, 123 days. Even Corregidor fell after only 150 days. And the last British Tommy stumbled wearily out of the jungles of Burma just 170 days after Pearl Harbor.

BURMA, appropriately enough, therefore, will probably be the first to revert to the Allies. That country has been softened up considerably. Brig. Gen. Howard C. Davidson, commander of the Tenth U. S. Air Force in India, has announced that the air pounding of Japanese supply lines and bases has made a "successful defense by the Japanese nearly impossible." Even in the buffeting monsoon, Allied planes smashed at Jap-held Burma, once completing nearly 330 sorties in 15 days. Latest official estimates are that 90 percent of Burma's military facilities have been pulverized.

The Allies are building two new roads connecting India's supply route to the section of the Burma Road in China that is not held by the Japs. The most direct of these two routes is the "Tokyo Road," which cuts through Burma itself, where Americans from Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Virginia have clashed with the enemy. American-trained Chinese troops under Brig. Gen. Haydon L. Boatner have gone into action on the northern Burma front in forays against the Japs, and recent drives by the Japs against sections of the Burma Road in China have met with sharp resistance.

While these preliminary activities have been increasing in north Burma, it is nevertheless likely that the extremely hazardous jungles, mountains and rivers in this area will force the Allies to keep the India-Burma border as only a secondary front. Last winter the British tried to reach the port and airfield of Akyab but were soundly rebuffed by the Japs.

The main Allied drive against Burma will, therefore, probably be a "triphibian" invasion by land, sea and air forces starting from Ceylon, where the great British naval base of Trincomalee and of the spacious port of Colombo are located. By seizing the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, 700 miles from Ceylon and directly in the path of a Burmese invasion, the Allied forces would be in position to smash through the Rangoon-Moulmein area and drive along the valleys of the Irrawaddy and the Salween Rivers. Landings might also be made on the western shore near Akyab and other enemy centers.

There are considerably more than a million Allied troops in India, most of whom are natives. Only a minute fraction of this number could be used effectively in jungle warfare, but the Japs will be hard pressed to meet such a vast pool of reserves. The Japanese now have seven or eight divisions in Burma, with some 8,000 troops apparently concentrated on the coastal areas.

The Allies are calling all the turns today in the Asiatic and Pacific Theaters. The Chinese armies have launched a counterdrive in China. Gen. MacArthur's New Guinea offensive has cost the Japs their three main bases at Salamaua, Lae and Finschhafen and has put Allied troops only 70 miles from the Jap kingpin island of New Britain. Strong American forces have just attacked Jap bases on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, and Wake and Marcus Islands, and seized one of the Ellice Islands some 2,250 miles from Pearl Harbor. Rabaul and Wewak, principal air bases of the enemy on New Britain and New Guinea, have been pulverized in thunderous, record-breaking attacks by Allied bombers.

In short, the preliminary moves are almost complete, and at any moment now the enemy can expect a series of major attacks, probably beginning in Burma, which will mount in the not-too-distant future to a many-pronged offensive against Japan from all sides. As the Japs themselves put it: "The real phase of the Greater East Asian war is now beginning."

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SQUARE-CUT DIAMOND

The grand old man of the U. S. Marine Corps, who joined the Leathernecks when they were founded by the Continental Congress in 1775, still nurses his beloved 81-mm mortars through the Pacific war.

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

THE United States Marine Corps is celebrating its 168th anniversary this month, so that makes Lou Diamond, the most famous marine in this or any other war, 200 years old.

Any leatherneck will tell you that Lou has been the best mortarman in the Corps since it was founded by the Continental Congress, Nov. 10, 1775. They claim he was rather old when he enlisted—32; so by now he must be rounding out his second century.

Nobody is exactly sure about this, however, because Master Gunnery Sgt. Leland Diamond is not a man who likes publicity and he flatly refuses to divulge his correct age to anybody. It is on his service record, of course, but Lou takes great care to make sure this record is kept secret. According to strict Marine standards, Lou was even rather old for combat service in the last war, but his boundless energy and tremendous vocal powers were well known all over France.

Last year, just before his outfit was to embark for Guadalcanal, there was scuttlebutt that the tough old sarge might be left behind because the South Pacific was no place for such a venerable and ancient man, even though he was twice as strong and three times as nasty as the youngest boot in the Corps.

When Diamond heard these rumors, as he hears everything, he acted upon them as he always acts—energetically and in full voice. All the ground he had to cover he covered at a fast trot. All the orders he had to give—and he gives more orders than five generals—he gave in a raucous bellow. The trotting and bellowing began every morning at 5 A.M. and in three days Lou had everybody in the camp worn to a frazzle. But when the transport moved away from the dock, Lou was aboard.

The Diamond legend grew considerably in the South Pacific where Lou roared his way through the battles of Guadalcanal and Tulagi and did much to back up the Marine Corps contention that he is far and away the most expert mortar sergeant in any branch of the service.

At Tulagi he demolished 14 Jap buildings with his trusty 81-mm. Then he turned to the colonel and bet him $50 that he could put a shot down the chimney of the 15th. He won.

The story was a bit different one morning when a Jap destroyer tried to creep around the island. Diamond's first shell fell in the water a few feet behind the tin can.

The sergeant's bull voice arose in anguished thunder that shook the tropical foliage. From the deluge of profanity, only the last sentence was distinguishable:

"Forgot to allow for the —— forward movement!"

John Hersey, the war correspondent, saw Diamond in action at Guadalcanal and described him as "a giant with a full gray beard, an admirable paunch and the bearing of a man daring you to insult him. As we went by, he was, as usual, out of patience. He wanted to keep on firing and he had been told to hold back. 'Wait and wait and wait!' he roared. 'God, some people around here'll fall on their a—— from waiting!' "

Writing in the Marine magazine, *The Leatherneck*, Frank X. Talbot describes Diamond as an inch or so under 6 feet, pushing the scales to the vicinity of 200 pounds. Most of the time he is talking or roaring, and when he isn't roaring, his tongue hangs out of the corner of his mouth, relaxed and ready for the next outburst. When he can get it, he drinks beer by the case. He always drinks standing at the bar, with his hat on.

In mid-November last year the tension of the Guadalcanal campaign showed signs of wearing on Lou. He was ordered to New Zealand for hospital care. Protesting with wolf-like howls, he was dragged into a plane and later deposited in a clean hospital bed where he immediately got into trouble because he refused to permit his beard to be shaved off and because he patted a pretty nurse in the right place. Lou had been there only two days when the hospital superintendent said: "I thought I was head of this hospital until Diamond got here. Now I'm not so sure."

When the sergeant was released from the hospital he promptly made tracks for Guadalcanal. When he got there he found the Army in charge, his unit gone and himself farther than ever from joining them. His curses of rage and frustration tore the air and made the soldiers cringe. Anger spent, Lou then efficiently began thumbing a ride across the Coral Sea to Australia.

Some weeks later his burly figure appeared on the remote Australian field where his company was drilling. It was 50 miles from the nearest port to that field. It was hot and there were no transportation facilities, but Lou had covered the distance on foot. Walking smartly up to the major, he snapped to attention, saluted and said: "Sir, I'm here."

Diamond gives his mortars more affection than anything in this world. At the Marine base in New River, N. C., he spent many nights sleeping with a ring of 81-mm mortars around his bunk. He called them his sweethearts, and nobody dared approach them.

The only other things for which the sergeant shows affection are his pets, of which there has been an endless chain. They include Bozo, the ugly bulldog described by Master Gunnery Sgt. Mickey Finn as much prettier than Lou, and a disagreeable goat named Rufus and a couple of trained chickens whose names are unprintable. This select menagerie is now waiting patiently at New River for the momentous day when the rough Diamond returns from the wars.

Lou rules his men with an iron hand. They fear him at first, get to like him when they know him and end by loving him as much as a marine can love anything. Lou treats anyone who has less than 10 years of service like the meanest boot. This gripes some of the men who serve with him, but they end by taking it philosophically. "After all," one of them said, "if you can get used to that old bastard's voice, you can get used to anything."

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CAMERA REPORT ON THE YANKS AND BRITISH FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH ITALY

LEFT BEHIND BY THE FLEEING ENEMY: NEWSPAPERS AND A SILENT 88-MM GUN.

BRITISH TROOPS IN GEN. CLARK'S FIFTH ARMY GO UP AND OVER AND AFTER THE NAZIS.

THE MACHINE GUNS AT THE RIGHT ARE TO COVER THE ADVANCING INFANTRYMEN.

CHIUNZI PASS—A FOXHOLE IS WHERE YOU DIG IT, EVEN IF IT'S THE SIDE OF A HILL.

RUINS ARE BECOMING AN OLD STORY TO THE AMERICANS. THIS IS BATTIPAGLIA.

THE GENERAL SHERMAN TANK HASN'T YET REPLACED THE HORSE AND BUGGY IN ITALY.

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IN THE SQUARE AT ACERNO: AN 88 WITHOUT CREW, A COFFEE HOUSE WITHOUT COFFEE.

IN POMPEII, PVT. WORDIE WHIDDEN IS EXAMINING MOUNT VESUVIUS' LAVA STONE.

THE LADS HERE WHO STILL HAVE FIGHT IN THEM ARE BRITISH. THE OTHERS—NAZIS.

NAZIS HAD USED THIS FARMHOUSE FOR AN OP, SO THESE YANKS ARE CAREFUL.

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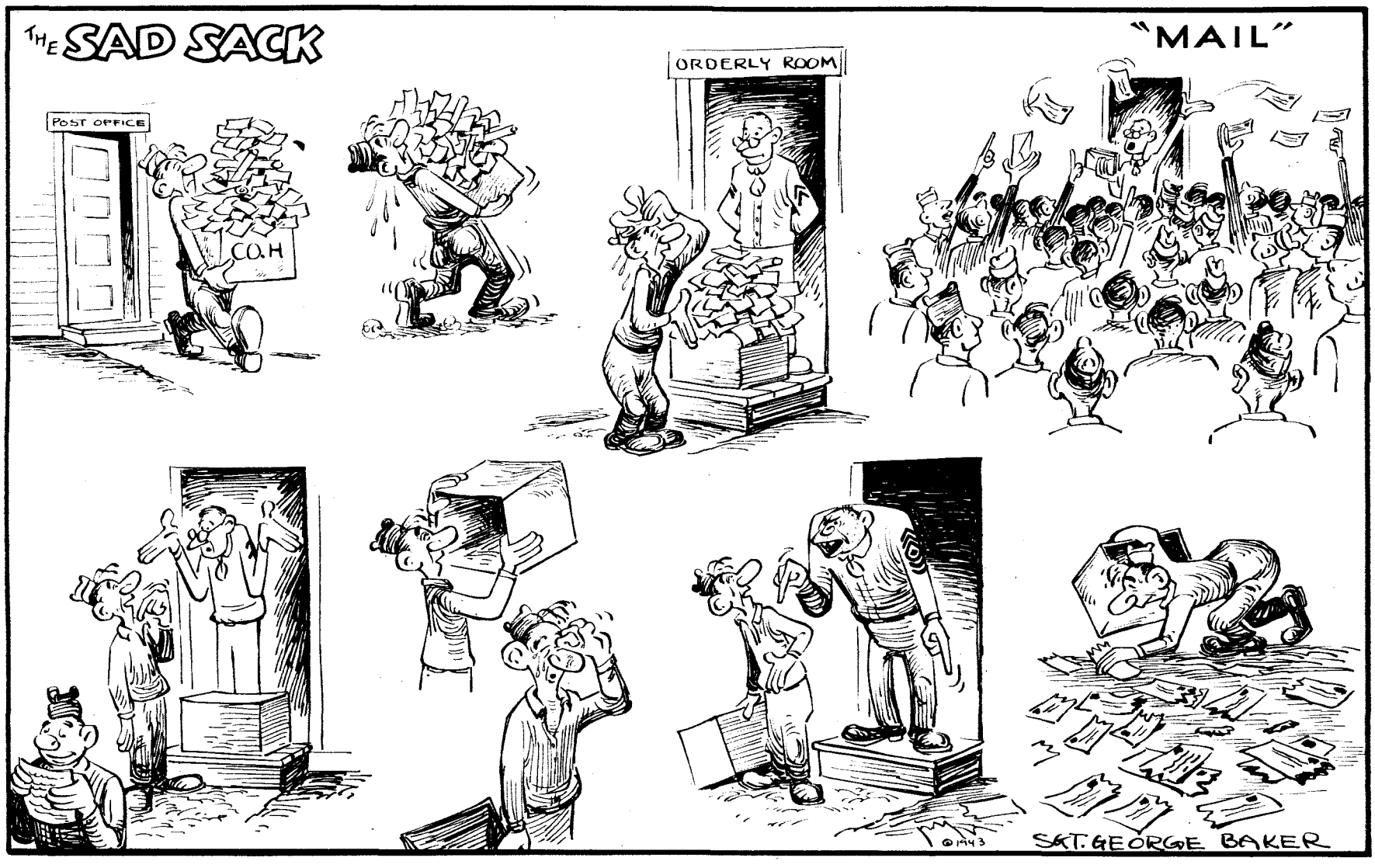


GI Minors Protected

Dear YANK:

As I understand it, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940 authorizes the courts to protect a person in the military service in a lot of ways, such as 1) by staying the "execution of any judgment or order entered against such person" and 2) by staying or vacating "any attachment and garnishment of money, property, or debts in the hands of another, whether before or after judgment." Inasmuch as I am only 19 years old, I would like to know if guys under 21 are entitled to these and all the other benefits of that act.

Hawaii —JOHN PILBEAM S1c

■ Yes. All persons in military service, irrespective of age, are entitled to the rights and benefits of the act.

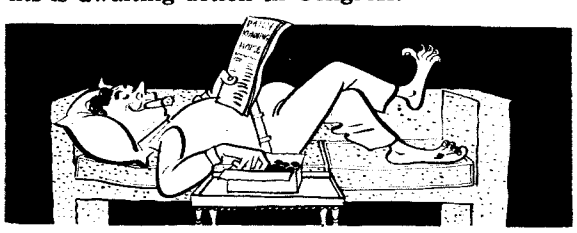
Dependent Husband

Dear YANK:

When I joined the WAC my husband, who is a chronic loafer, said he would get a job. He didn't, of course, and now he is trying to get a Family Allowance, with me kicking in with the $22 a month. Can he get it? Don't tell me he's what you call a Class A dependent.

England —1st Sgt. MARY ZITNER

■ Under current regulations ODB grants Family Allowances to all eligible dependents of Wacs except husbands. However, a law which would make dependent husbands also eligible for benefits is awaiting action in Congress.



Common-Law Wives

Dear YANK:

I am not legally married but I lived with the same woman for about 10 years before my induction into the Army. As my common-law wife, she was and continues to be dependent on me for support. I want to help her all I can but it's tough to keep on sending money to her now that my income has been shot to hell. Isn't there some way I could get a Family Allowance for her? After all, she is as close to me as any legal wife could be.

Fort Dix, N. J. —Pvt. D. A.

■ If your common-law wife lives in the District of Columbia or one of the 19 states which recognize common-law marriages, she may apply for a Family Allowance by writing to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J., and giving 1) her full name and address, 2) your full name, rank, ASN and military address, 3) a statement indicating the common-law status of her marriage. ODB will then send her a special affidavit form which she will be required to fill out. In addition, she will have to obtain a notarized statement signed by two responsible friends or acquaintances testifying to her common-law relationship to you.

In addition to the District of Columbia, the following states recognize common-law marriages: Alabama, Colorado, Florida, Georgia,

What's Your Problem?

Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming. Nevada discontinued recognition of common-law marriages Mar. 29, 1943, but common-law marriages in that state prior to that date will be accepted by the ODB.

ODB Checks to China

Dear YANK:

My folks live in unoccupied China. They are dependent on me for support. Is it possible for me to take out a Family Allowance for them, and if so, would it be reasonable to expect that their checks would be mailed to them regularly?

420th Bomb. Sq., Clovis, N. Mex. —Sgt. DAVID F. WONG

■ Early this fall the Office of Dependency Benefits made an arrangement with the State Department, the Chinese Embassy and the Bank of China by which benefits are to be mailed regularly to eligible dependents of Army men of Chinese descent living in unoccupied China. The first check under this arrangement was sent Oct. 4 to the following relatives of Pvt. Foon Seck Mon: Foon Chong Shee, his wife: Foon Quong Ming, Foon Get Ming, and Foon Hop Ming, his sons; Foon Chan Shee, his mother, all of whom live in Kwong on La Village, Kwongtung, China.

Dishonorable Discharge

Dear YANK:

If a guy gets a dishonorable discharge and loses all his rights for bonuses, pensions, employment preferences, etc., is there anything he can do to get those rights back again after he becomes a civilian?

New Caledonia —Pfc. MARK LEVI

■ There's only one way a dishonorably discharged soldier can obtain the rights, privileges and benefits conferred by law upon honorably discharged soldiers, and that's the hard way—by an act of Congress. In a case of desertion, where the soldier's citizenship is forfeited, only an unconditional pardon by the President will restore his citizenship.

Poll Tax for GIs?

Dear YANK:

Before I got in the Army I worked as a hired man on a little farm in Georgia. I never could vote because I could never afford to pay the poll tax. Now I think since I am risking my life for my country I've got a right to vote and I don't think anybody has a right to keep me from voting. Can't something be done about that?

New Guinea —Pvt. ANDREW JOHNSON

■ Something already has been done about it. Section 2 of Public Law 712 (77th Congress) says that no person in military service shall be required as a condition of voting in Federal elections to pay "any poll tax or other tax or make any payment to any state or political subdivision thereof."

Tax Refund

Dear YANK:

Here is an income-tax problem I wish you would solve for me: My wife works under her maiden name in a firm which frowns on the employment of married women, so for tax-withholding purposes she is claiming exemption as a single person. I want to know whether the amount withheld from her wages that is in excess of the amount that would have been withheld had she claimed exemption as a married person will be refunded.

Fort George G. Meade, Md. —Pfc. WALTER F. GALOS

■ In 1944 when your wife makes her return of income and victory taxes for 1943, whether she files separately or jointly with you, the amount withheld from her wages during 1943 will be applied as a credit to the 1944 tax. Any amount over her total tax liability as of Mar. 15, 1944, will be refunded after that date.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Concerning Field Jackets and Censors

WE thought the Army was going to pieces way back there when it changed the color of its fatigues from blues to green and abolished that fine old institution, the $21 private. But that was nothing compared to two startling innovations announced by the War Department within the last few weeks. We refer to the fancy new field jacket with four pockets and the recent regulation issued by the Adjutant General that forbids military censors to add comments of their own to the letters they examine.

The present type of field jacket with its two pockets gets filled up with enough junk—letters from home, cigarette lighters that don't work, apples we didn't feel like eating at breakfast two days ago, leather working gloves, empty chewing-gum packages—but can you imagine what will happen when the GI has four pockets to clean out once a month? We'll have a lot of Section Eights on our hands.

And the regulation discouraging the censor from horning into the enlisted man's correspondence is even more of a problem.

Just pause for a moment and consider how cruel this measure is—how discouraging for the poor lonely censor who has been building up a collection of Joe Miller joke books and Bright Sayings of Clever Children ever since Pearl Harbor so that he will always have the appropriate wise remark available to spruce up an otherwise dull letter. What's he going to do now? How will he pass the time left hanging heavy on his hands after he gets tired cutting out his favorite embroidery designs in our letters with his favorite weapon—Scissors, Censorship, M1?

And how about the folks at home who used to look forward each week to the little comments, tucked so cutely down in the lower corner of the letters from their loved ones and signed with such winning modesty "The Censor"? Their hearts will be heavy when they discover that the WD has broken up this cozy kind of three-way intimacy that had become such an attractive feature of overseas correspondence.

Somehow we feel that the new field jackets and the new censorship rule are going to make the whole war seem different from here on in.

"Sir, this order has cut me to the quick!"

STRICTLY G.I.

Prisoner Exchange

THE U. S. and Germany have established an agreement for the mutual exchange of sick and wounded prisoners of war. Under this agreement, says the WD, all sick and wounded prisoners of war recommended by medical authorities, regardless of their ranks or numbers, will be sent back to their own countries. Doctors, chaplains and enlisted medical personnel not needed for the care of their fellow prisoners are also entitled to repatriation under the agreement. Four American officers and 13 EM who have been prisoners in Germany have already embarked at Goteborg, Sweden, for return to the States by way of England.

Overseas Packages

The WD announced that Christmas packages may be mailed to soldiers going overseas between now and Christmas, provided the sender presents a change-of-address form bearing the APO address to which the package is being sent. These forms are sent by soldiers to relatives and friends when they are transferred to new stations. The announcement adds that Christmas packages returned to the sender because of improper address may still be mailed overseas provided the sender presents the original wrapper bearing the post-office endorsement, "RETURN TO SENDER, INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS."

Phonograph records may now be sent to GIs overseas, says the Army censorship office, but they must be standard recordings issued by recognized manufacturers and not personal messages. Postal authorities have asked also that 10-inch records be sent because of size limitations. The records should be packed between sheets of corrugated board, surrounded by crushed paper and enclosed in tape-sealed corrugated boxes.

Next of Kin Kept Informed

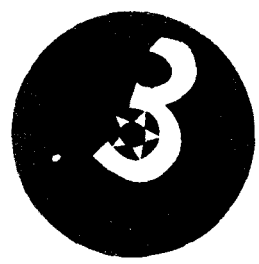
Next of kin of soldiers reported as battle casualties in combat areas will be kept up-to-date on all information concerning these men, says a WD release. The procedure in such cases briefly is this: When the man is listed and reported as a casualty, the AG immediately notifies the emergency addressees by telegram before any such information is given elsewhere. If the soldier is missing, the telegram contains all available information, including the general area where the man was in action. As soon as further information is received, it is sent at once to the next of kin.

GI Shop Talk

Tobacco rations for Southwest Pacific GIs were increased by a recent regulation (USASOS Reg. 30-17, C-2) to allow each man one carton of cigarettes or 21 cigars or five small tins of smoking tobacco, and four boxes of matches per week. . . . The WD announces that the daily butter allowance of 2 ounces per soldier has been reduced to approximately 1.2 ounce. . . . Winners of the Theater Wing's one-act play contest will be presented on the "March of Time" radio show after Jan. 1. . . . The musical library of the late Rafael Joseffy, pianist, consisting of orchestral scores and piano compositions of standard composers, has been made available at no cost to Army camps in the U. S. upon requisition by the COs of such camps to the Rafael Joseffy Memorial, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Third Air Force Arm Patch

The Third Air Force Hq., MacDill Field, Fla., announced this new official arm patch to be worn by its members in place of the regulation AAF patch. It has a blue circular field with a golden-orange border. The figure 3 is in white with a red perspective. The lower loop of the figure contains a white star with the familiar red rot. The patch is worn on the left shoulder with the numeral at a 25-degree angle.



Washington O.P.

SPECULATION about the part that gliders will play in the war is always an interesting bull-session topic. Here's a quote you can toss into the argument. It's from Brig. Gen. Ray A. Dunn, formerly commanding general of the North African Troop Carrier Command. At a press conference in the Pentagon, Gen. Dunn said: "We have had no trouble with the CG4A glider [that's the GI troop-carrier model] in the African Theater. A larger glider would be desirable, also an assault type which would be virtually a 'flying pillbox,' armored and armed, serving as a fort. It would extend the possible action of airborne troops on the ground. It would permit them to land in the middle of enemy troops."

Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, commanding the Fifth Army in Italy, sends back a glowing report on the record of the 100th Infantry Battalion, composed of Americans of Japanese ancestry, mostly from the Hawaiian Islands. . . . GIs overseas can buy War Bonds to give as Christmas presents through the mail-order gift section of the Army Exchange Service. . . . It's almost impossible, even for the best informed to keep track of all the ribbons on the blouses of military personnel returning here. And now the WD is planning to issue ribbons to its civilian employees for faithful service. . . . A new name has cropped up for officers stuck behind Pentagon desks. Instead of "Chairborne Infantry" they are now "Paragraph Troops."

—YANK's Washington Bureau

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Quick Service Available

Camp Davis, N. C.—T-4 Charles A. Posey appeared recently at the AAA School Post Office to claim some registered mail. He'd forgotten his dog tags and could not identify himself to the clerk, T-4 Eugene Gosnell.

An argument resulted between the two T-4s. Finally Posey asked Gosnell what he should do. "Aw, go see the chaplain," said Gosnell.

"Are my services required here?" a voice from the rear of the line answered, and sure enough—it was the chaplain. Posey got his mail.

Remedy for a Long Nose

Camp Hood, Tex. — Pvt. Stephen Delczeg, A Company, 747th Tank Bn., was doing a bit of hospital KP recently while recuperating from a tank accident. During the course of his work he spotted a letter left by a maid employed there. It read:

Dear Somebody:

Some people are too curious for their own good. They are always prying into something that is not their business. No one told you to read this. Now if you are not curious you will stop reading right here, *since this message was not written for you.*

I just wish to relate this fish tale. This is the only one that I have to be true. Lots of people will say they caught a fish so long and you really can't rely upon their word, but now just rely upon mine. I caught a sucker much larger than any fish you ever caught. Nothing but a sucker would take time to read this. Now measure yourself and see what a big sucker I caught. Too bad you can't laugh at this one.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Camp Stewart, Ga.—Pvt. Edward J. Sazynski was restricted to the Battery B, 796th Bn. area. It was his birthday and he had planned a big time. So at chow time he was a pretty sad sack, unmindful of what was going on around him.

He looked up from his beans once and there, all of a sudden, was a big cake marked "Happy Birthday." It had been sent by relatives through the Red Cross. Sazynski's CO had restricted him that day to make sure he'd be around for the presentation of the cake.

Obliging Guard

Newark Army Air Base, N. J.—S/Sgt. John Shafer, acting OD, was stopped by a guard one cold night. Shafer identified himself and, when recognized, asked the guard the fifth general order. The guard did not know.

"Oh, well," said Shafer, "you must be getting cold out here. They're serving coffee over in the mess tent. How about me taking your rifle while you go over and get a cup?"

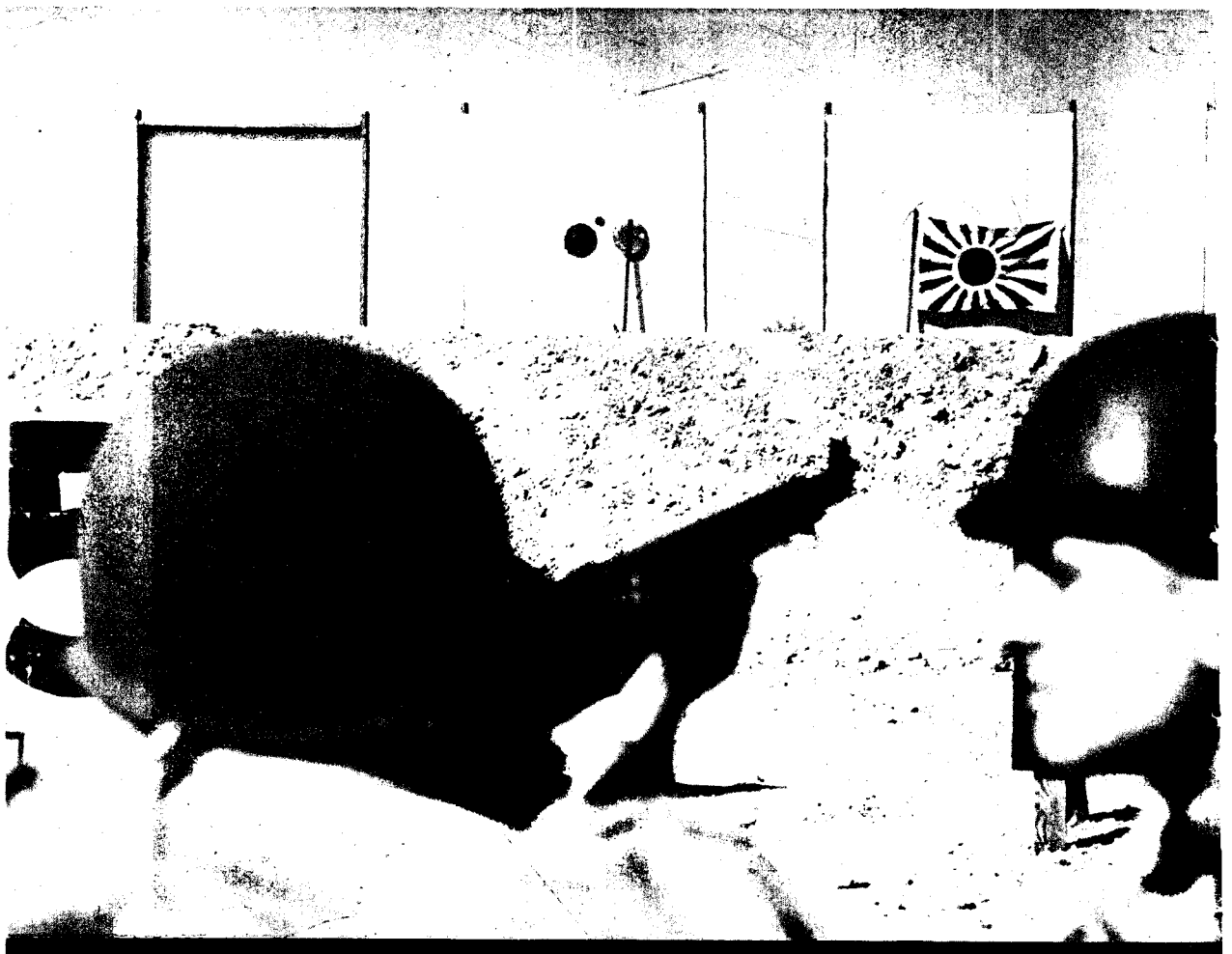
"Sure," the guard said happily. And offered to hand over his rifle.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Lincoln AAB, Nebr. — T/Sgt. William Wohnus gives out loudly with his "Hop, hut, heep, fore," and generally he has no trouble on that score with his drill trainees. Recently, however, he ran into a GI who was a stickler for following orders. Wohnus yanked him out of ranks and patiently explained that it wasn't necessary to *hop* every four steps.

MacDill Field, Fla.—Three members of the 851st Guard Squadron were spending their day off looking over Tampa. A lieutenant approached them and asked: "Would you fellows like to take part in my wedding?" They obliged, S/Sgt. Edward Zwirzynski acting as best man and Cpls. Robert Mapes and Maurice Kleinman as witnesses.

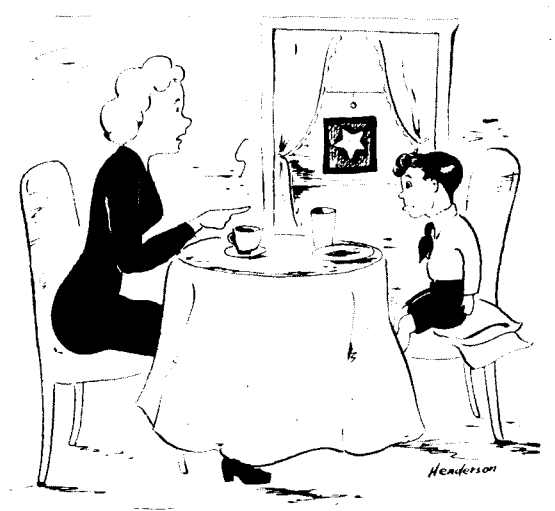
Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex.—Pvt. Leon Harling reported to the hospital for an eye examination. Mrs. Francis Yarborough, attendant there, dropped some dilating fluid in one eye. She returned a few seconds later to see that nothing had happened. The eye stared back at her unblinking and blank. Thinking she had blinded Harling, she fainted. Whereupon the private giggled softly, adjusted his glass eye and left.



MAGGIE'S DRAWERS. Rising Sun insignia replaces the time-honored red flag at the QMRTC firing range, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo. GI wrath at the "sun spot" before their eyes has them missing less and less.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. Dale Koelzer has filed suit in Butte, Mont., against the Montana Fish and Game Commission seeking $35,000 damages. Koelzer alleges malicious persecution and that as the result of a fur-possession charge he was demoted from sergeant to private. Later acquitted of the charge, Koelzer remained "broken."

Lowry Field, Colo.—Pvt. Dorothy Graham was interviewed in a World Series poll conducted by the *Rev-Meter*, post paper here. She had this to say: "I don't know an awful lot about baseball, but I know what I like. I think the Cards will win it again because they have the best team. Besides, Walker Cooper is cute."



'Junior, you should be ashamed! Think of your father —eating that stuff they serve on a filthy old shingle!"
—Cpl. Hugh C. Henderson, Presque Isle (Maine) AAF, News.

Rapid City Army Air Base, S. Dak.—T-5 Larry Bruno is so ardent a violinist that he recently paid another GI $3 to do KP duty for him so that he could compete in an Amateur Night program at the USO. Bruno won first prize—$3.

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. Bertram Yelin, manager of the post theater here, sent to Hollywood for the biggest available portraits of Betty Grable, Carole Landis and Gene Tierney. When they arrived, he framed them and hung them prominently. The next morning they were gone and are still missing.

Nashville Army Air Center, Tenn. — Cpl. Mike Reape, one-half of a two-man administration staff here, was in charge while his partner was on furlough. The phone rang and a captain asked: "Corporal, can you send a runner over to my office?" Reape assured the officer that he would have one ·er in a minute. Then he hung up the phone, grabbed his hat and hightailed it for the captain's office.

VETERANS' PARADE

S/Sgt. William Levangie, 46, who used to serve Gen. John J. Pershing the black coffee, Army beans and stew he liked in the first World War, is now boss of the kitchen at the Blue Force command post, **Tennessee maneuvers**. . . . Though by token of a chestful of medals from the last war he is entitled to a salute, Cpl. Stanley Robillard, 46, of Derry, N. H., prefers to keep the tinware hidden in his barracks bag at **Camp Sutton, N. C.** . . . The 12th Infantry Regiment at **Fort Dix, N. J.**, recently celebrated the 145th anniversary of its founding. . . . Cpl. Hartford F. Collins, 55, of **Marfa Army Air Field, Tex.**, had, before his promotion, some claim to being the oldest private in the Army. . . . 1st Sgt. Joseph W. Merritt, after serving continuously with one outfit since 1916, recently observed his 60th birthday, writes Cpl. James Ewing from **Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.** . . . S/Sgt. Sumner G. Wert, 1580th SU, QMC Sec. (W), **Camp Campbell, Ky.**, disputes the claim of Pvt. James J. Powers, 58, [YANK, Aug. 13] to the title of the oldest soldier in the Army. Wert is 61. . . . T-5 Jack Rongey, 267th Ord. Maintenance Co., **Camp Haan, Calif.**, was the youngest soldier, he says, to see action with the British Army in the last war and also the youngest to be wounded. Rongey got clipped at Mons, Albert Canal, Vimy Ridge and Arras and has a hatful of tin to show for his experiences. He is 44.

CAMP NEWS

What gave you a laugh, Joe, or a bang? Got a picture, or a news item or a feature of interest to other dogfaces? Let them in on it by sending it on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

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SPAR HUDDLE. Chosen by gridders at Abilene Army Air Base, Tex., as the girls they'd best like to sit on their bench, Spars Katie Cochran (holding ball) and Frances Budd get pointers from Coach LeRoy Fry.

DOUGH GIRL. Wacs at Fort Knox, Ky., get special consideration from T-5 Virginia C. Kilgore, 3564th Service Unit. She does fancy-cake making for all WAC birthday celebrations.

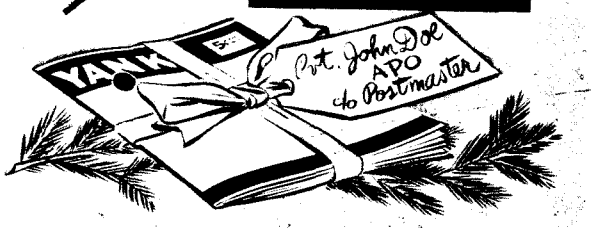
PORKER CORKER. Pfc. B. B. Brown hefts spareribs on the hoof to show what GI farmers have done at 131st Infantry victory farm, Fort Brady, Mich.

WOLF KIBITZER. Created by Cpl. Rupert Witalis at Camp Lee, Va., this head disguises an unnamed sergeant looking over paper work of Patty Squire.

STRAIGHT GUY. S/Sgt. Rother Johnson is set for another bull's-eye after 24 in succession at 200 yards with a carbine on Avon Park Bombing Range, Fla.

MARINE VETERAN. 1st Sgt. William Porter, 82, retired, USMC, observes the 59th anniversary of his enlistment, at the Marine Base, San Diego, Calif.

For Christmas give YANK



IT'S always tough to figure out what to give a pal for Christmas, and it's particularly tough when he's in the service. But YANK is a gift that any yardbird or four-star general will really appreciate. Don't scratch all the hair off your head trying to decide. Just fill out the coupon below and relax.

There's no better gift for a GI than YANK! It's 2 bucks for one year or one buck for six months.

SEND YANK WITH A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT CARD TO:

1 _____
Print full name and rank

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☐ *One Year* ☐ *Six Months*

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We'll send you an acknowledgement when the gift subscriptions are entered.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

James Snyder Mineni Riceberg Ponemon Baker

Sgt. Jesse James (no, no relation) of Chicago is stationed in the Aleutians and has two cousins, Cpl. Hiram Cook and Pvt. Fred Scott, in North Carolina. "Take it easy, boys," he says wistfully. "See you in the Elks Rest at Champagne soon." . . . **Sgt. Charles W. Snyder** of Glenville, W. Va., in Panama tells his hometown pal, Cpl. Paul Burke, in Iceland: "According to a latrine rumor, you're now cooking for your outfit. Is that the straight stuff? How's it feel to have to eat your own chow?" . . . **T-3 Amil A. Mineni** of Escalon, Calif., Australia, sends regards to Pfc. Jalie Jaber and the boys of a Field Artillery outfit in New Guinea.

Sgt. Paul Riceberg of Chelsea, Mass., has been in the Pacific for 21 months and wants his brother, Pvt. Herbert Riceberg, to write him at Hq. Co., SC, Office of the QM, APO 502, San Francisco, Calif. . . . **Pfc. Ben Ponemon** of Cincinnati, Ohio, is in the S. Pacific and sends a message to S/Sgt. David McMahon in the States: "I'm here with Sgt. Fred Schwing; we're handling V-Mail. Use some yourself and let me know where the hell you are." . . . **S/Sgt. William F. Baker** of San Antonio, Tex., tells Robert Terrell in N. Africa: "I've got myself a darkroom set and am really having fun. Write me at APO 885, New York."

Mail Call

Service Chevrons

Dear YANK:

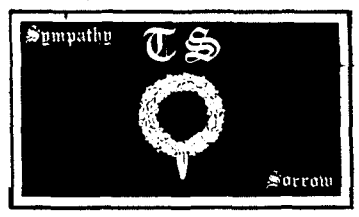
I disagree with your editorial in an October issue advocating gold service chevrons in preference to overseas service ribbons. You imply that the chevron, which signifies six months' service, sets a real overseas veteran apart from the USO commando who goes outside the country for a few days and then comes back covered with ribbons. . . . You are doing a hell of a lot of good men an injustice. I commanded a rifle company in the attack on Attu. We suffered 50 percent casualties in the first six days. I wouldn't say they were USO heroes, would you? Yet if you get what you are plugging for, these men would not get gold chevrons, in fact no decorations at all, as they were evacuated to the States within two months.

Fort McClellan, Ala. —**Capt. JAMES R. TISDALE**

Sorrow and Sympathy

Dear YANK:

This TS card offers two types of condolence: Sorrow and Sympathy. Also the white margin allows an indefinite number of punches. This card is used extensively at the University of Kentucky and is of a more artistic nature than the one offered by Pvt. Boyd in a September issue of YANK.



University of Kentucky —**Pfc. MELVYN M. SMITH**

Fact or Rumor?

Dear YANK:

I would like you to clear up this point for me: Is it true that a law has been passed which will allow soldiers to return to the States after they have served overseas for 18 months? We have been out of touch with civilization for so long we can't distinguish between fact and rumor.

New Guinea —**Pvt. E. M. SOHLSTROM**

Dear YANK:

How long is a soldier supposed to stay overseas and how long in combat before he rates relief? Some say 18 months, but from experience I know that's not true, for I'm still overseas.

Guadalcanal —**Cpl. WILLIAM E. MILLIKEN**

Dear YANK:

Is there any news about men who have served 18 months or longer overseas going home for furlough —or is that just a delicate subject?

West Africa —**Sgt. DAYTON P. JORGENSON**

Dear YANK:

I see by the news that Senator Lodge intends to recommend that the War Department return troops to the States after they've served overseas for a certain length of time. I, for one, don't like that: The proposal boosts morale for a time, but eventually the morale of the boys out here takes a whale of a drop. We've just gone through a long period of such talk. First, word went around that all troops overseas would be relieved after 18 months. A few soldiers were sent back, but the War Department soon changed its policy by leaving the final decision of returning troops up to the various theater commanders. In this theater the decision was definitely no. So even though the Senate does pass Lodge's bill and the House and the President approve it, I'll bet a month's pay the bill will have a joker in it leaving the final decision to the theater commanders. So my gripe is this: Why do our congressmen continue to make wonderful speeches and promise all sorts of things at the expense of the serviceman? As far as I can figure, the only one who benefits is the congressman, who gets himself a bunch of votes.

New Caledonia —**T/Sgt. DAVID M. CROCKER**

■ No law has been passed allowing troops to be returned to the States after a certain length of overseas service.

Super-Shot

Dear YANK:

Having read the story in a July issue of YANK about S/Sgt. Ben Warmer's escapade of shooting down one Messerschmitt-110 and six Messerschmitt-109s in Sicily, several innocent queries come from numerous gunners here in Australia. When he says he fired bursts of 25, 20 and 22 rounds, how did he know? Did he count with his fingers and toes, with an addressograph, multigraph computer or by counting the tracers and multiplying by 5? Incidentally, we have a lad here who shot down 75 Zeros in 45 minutes. The only reason he stopped shooting was that he got a square bullet in the belt by mistake. Yours for better tall stories.

Australia —**S/Sgt. DAVID H. HIDEBRAN**

■ If the story of Warmer's feat in bagging seven planes on a single Fortress mission over Gerbini in Sicily on July 5 was a hoax, then the War Department fell for it, too. The lanky gunner was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross on Aug. 28 by Lt. Gen. Spaatz. The citation referred to his "super-marksmanship."

Japanese-Americans

Dear YANK:

I am replying to Sgt. Boothly, who thinks that every Jap in this country is a potential spy and should be deported after the war. His letter appeared in an October issue of YANK. . . . Japs involved in un-American activity before Pearl Harbor were aliens who came to this country for that purpose and were not Japs brought up in America. Also, Boothly said that no one would hire Japs after the war. What Japs is he talking about? Surely not those who were born and raised in the United States. It was Tojo who declared war, not us over here. Boothly should be reminded that there are more than 5,000 soldiers in the American Army of Japanese ancestry and most of them volunteered directly after Dec. 7, 1941.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —**Cpl. M. SOGIOKA**

Sports Bet

Dear YANK:

There's a bet on in our group on whether or not Marshall Goldberg played against Glenn Seidel in the 1934 Pitt-Minnesota game. The losers have to pay off with a beer party. YANK can be the judge.

England —**Cpl. WILLIAM TATVITE**

■ Marshall Goldberg did not play against Glenn Seidel in the 1934 Pitt-Minnesota game. You've probably got him confused with Izzy Weinstock. Minnesota won that game, 13-7.

Iceburg Resort

Dear YANK:

We're taking this opportunity to offer YANK a warm, hospitable welcome to the lavish comforts of our newly renovated hostelry, Iceburg Resort. Bring your staff along with you if you've got anything against us. This picture will give you an idea of our short-order

and quick-fry kitchen. Hope you can spend some time with us. "It's Always Cool. Blubber in Our Igloo Room."

—**Sgt. GEORGE SMITH**, caterer and **M/Sgt. MITCHELL**, maitre de hotel

Canada

MESSAGE CENTER

B. SGT. FELIX O. BELL, once at Presque Isle, Me.: write Lt. Joseph H. Woodruff, NAAF, Newport, Ark. . . . MARSHALL BOWES: see *Message 1.** . . . JOE and LOIS BRAZON, once at DBC, New Orleans, La.: see *Message 2.*** . . . PVT. JOHN J. BROWN, last address, APO 41, San Francisco: write 2d Lt. Robert R. Sonoff, Hq. Co., DEML, Sta. Comp., Camp Lee, Va.

C. CPL. GEORGE (BUMPS) CAWTHERN of Kulpmont, Pa., once at Fort Eustis, Va., and Washington, D. C.: write Sgt. Russ Solovey, Co. C, 399th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . GEORGE H. CHAPEL of St. Louis, Mo., once at Chanute Field, Ill.: write Pfc. Clive N. Lott, Sub AB No. 1, Salt Lake City, Utah. . . . FLOYD CHRISTEN of New Orleans, La.: see *Message 2.***

D. PVT. STEVE DELL DAISY, last heard from in Oregon: write Sgt. Paul Williams, Hq. & Serv. Co. 1906 Avn. Engr. Bn., Dow Field, Me. . . . S/SGT. JACK DANE, once at Brooke Gen. Hosp., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.: write Pfc. Sol Hirschbin, 12th TSS, Bks. 744, Scott Field, Ill. . . . PFC. JOSEPH R. DANIELY, once at Drew Field, Fla.: see *Message 3.*†

F. HARVEY FINLEY, Navy: see *Message 1.** . . . 2D LT. JAMES J. FLYNN of Batavia, N. Y., once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Lt. Frank J. Kelly, Las Vegas AAF, Nevada.

G. PVT. JAMES GALLOWAY, once at Fort Wayne, Ind.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . PVT. LAWRENCE C. GARMAN of Racine, Wis., once at Radio Sch., Stevens Hotel, Chicago: write S Sgt. Laurence C. Ulrich, 614th Sq., 401st Bomb. Gp., AAB, Glasgow, Mont. . . . CAPT. WELLS GIBBS of Allegheny, N. Y., once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Pfc. Karlton E. Randall, 331st Fighter Sq., Olympia AAB, Tumwater, Wash.

H. EDWARD HANNON, Sicily: write Pvt. Walter Oates, Co. H, 67th Med. Regt., Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . PVT. E. G. HATTERY, a Marine who left the country last April: write S Sgt. William L. Talkington, Co. C, 750th MP Bn., NW Sector PO, North Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . CPL. IRVING E. HAUSS, somewhere in the Atlantic: write Cpl. Seymour Lite, 388 Fighter Sq., 365 Gp., AAB, Dover, Del. . . . SGT. MANUEL HERZOG of Fresno, Calif.: write Sgt. William McCleary, 385 AB Sq., 17th Ferrying Gp., Great Falls, Mont. . . . A C FRED HOFFMAN, once at St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.: write A C Albert Alexander, Sq. G, SAAAB, Santa Ana, Calif. . . . SGT. DAVID S. HOLZNER, once at Hamilton Field, Calif.: write Pfc. Thomas F. Watkins Jr., Co. F, 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga.

J. SGT. RALPH W. JEFFERIES, once at Lowry Field, Colo.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . T. JOHNSTON of New Orleans, La.: see *Message 2.***

K. PVT. FRANK KAY, once at Sheppard Field, Tex.: write Pfc. James H. Lamp, 30th TSS, Bks. 796, Scott Field, Ill. . . . PFC. "RED" KELLER, once at Fort McClellan, Ala.: write Pvt. Willard R. DeForrest, 1st Co., RC, Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . ALVIN (SHIPWRECK) KELLY, one-time flagpole sitter, last heard from in New Jersey: write Pfc. Don Marvin, AAS Enl. Br. No. 8, Class No. 16, Co. B, North Hall, Washington, Pa. . . . PVT. WILLARD KNIGHT, once at Sheppard Field, Tex.: see *Message 3.*†

L. PVT. MACK LAWRENCE, once at Wichita Falls, Tex.: write Pvt. Finis W. Daniel, 1853 Patient Det., Sta. Hosp., Camp Bowie, Tex. . . . CPL. RAYMOND LEHTO, Greenland: write 1st Lt. G. W. Foster, Columbus ASF Dep., Columbus 15, Ohio. . . . PVT. SANFORD R. LIEN, Fort Meade, Md.: write Pvt. Dean Hanson, Co. B, 4767th SCUASTP, Regis College, Denver, Colo.

M. SGT. JOSEPH E. MARCUS, Panama: write Cpl. Julius Marcus, 313th Bomb. Sq., MacDill Field, Fla. . . . PVT. JAMES MARTELLI, APO 1, New York: write Pvt. Sidney Pechenuk, 100 Sig. Co., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . PVT. JOHN R. MEISH of Rochester, N. Y.: write Cpl. D. McCredy, 302 Base Hq. & AB, Gray Field, Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . CPL. ARTHUR and S/SGT. CHARLES MILLER, once at Baer Field, Ind.: write Cpl. Paul Durbin, 411th Base Hq. & AB Sq., AAB, Alliance, Nebr. . . . S/SGT. EARL (JACK) MILLER, AAF, last heard from in California: write S/Sgt. Wayne E. Williams, 722d Sq. (NAAC), Nashville, Tenn. . . . JAMES Q. MOORE, once at Daniel Field, Ga.: write Sgt. Albert R. Heck, 344 Bomb. Gp., 496 Bomb. Sq., LAAF, Lakeland, Fla.

N. PVT. ROBERT NANCE, an MP in Florida: write Pfc. Alvin Klaiss, MP Det., Camp Hulin, Tex. . . . LT. JOHN NOBLIN, once at Salina, Kans.: write Pvt. L. R. Ackerman, 323d AD Sq., Scott Field, Ill.

O. S/SGT. NICK OSTAPKAVICH, a glider pilot of class 43-7, Albuquerque, N. Mex., when last heard from: write Sgt. B. T. Tampio, 806th Bomb. Sq. (H), 471st Bomb. Gp., AAB, Pueblo, Colo.

P. F/O PEBLINSKI, once at Lubbock, Tex.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . SGT. CURTIS PHIFFER of Charlotte, N. C., once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Cpl. Charles Zuckerman, Hq. Btry., 500th Amd. FA Bn., Camp Chaffee, Ark. . . . F/O POSEY, once at Lubbock, Tex.: see *Message 5.*‡

* *Message 1:* Write Pfc. Harold W. Fees, USAF, 370th B Hq. & AB Sq., SPAAF, Lubbock, Tex.

** *Message 2:* Write Pvt. Vincent A. Prete, 301st Sig. Opn. Bn., Co. A, Nashville, Tenn.

† *Message 3:* Write Pvt. V. V. Robinson, 1006th Gd. Sq., Gray Field, Wash.

†† *Message 4:* Write Pfc. William Hamilton, Co. A, 320th Inf., Camp Rucker, Ala.

‡ *Message 5:* Write Lt. Marion W. Krieger Jr., OICAS, AACS Activities, Olympia AAB, Wash.

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T SGT. ELMER WEXLER did this realistic wash drawing of a Japanese attack on Guadalcanal. In civilian life the creator of the comic strip "Vic Jordan," he was a marine lineman before becoming combat artist.

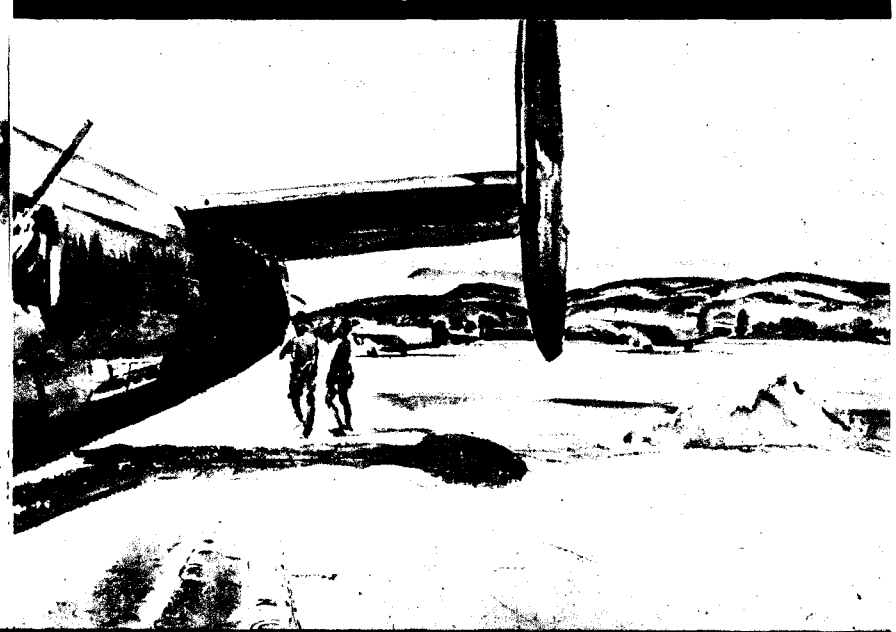
T SGT. VICTOR P. DONAHUE drew this pen-and-ink sketch of landing operations after the troops had been put ashore. A newspaper sketch artist from Omaha, Donahue joined the Corps as musician in a Marine band.

LEATHERNECK ARTISTS

[illegible] its [illegible] pride to [illegible] has produced some of [illegible] artists show [illegible] Guadalcanal.

PVT. PAUL R. ELLSWORTH painted this water color of the Guadalcanal Memorial Chapel which was built by natives of the island and presented to American forces. Through the windows, marine cemetery is seen.

T SGT. VICTOR DONAHUE gives a comic picture of landing operations at Guadalcanal. Japanese survivors of marine landings there and at Makin, Tulagi and New Georgia, would consider this sketch neither funny nor true.



T SGT. HERBERT LAIDMAN catches in water color a Navy long-range bomber at embattled Henderson Field. Sgt. Laidman's paintings of Guadalcanal have been successfully exhibited in the U.S. He's still in the South Pacific.

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Jane Frazee

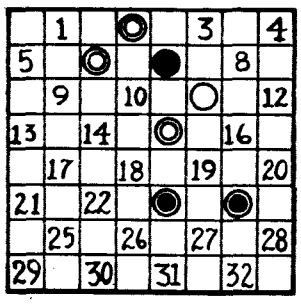
HOLLYWOOD. Jane Frazee is co-starring with Joan Davis in "Beautiful but Broke," and John Hubbard has the male lead. . . . The cinema capital's newest cinderella is Helen Hanson, who works as one of Paulette Goddard's sister shipyard workers in "When I Come Back." . . . Harriet Hilliard, songbird of radio and screen, will have the starring role opposite Jack Haley in "Rhythm Ranch." . . . "Show Business," Eddie Cantor's first film production, has 114 period sets depicting authentic locales from Maine to California. . . . Following "Tender Comrade" and "The Gibson Girl," Ginger Rogers does "Situation Out of Hand," a story of Texas farming. . . . Mary Wickes made good in "Higher and Higher," which starred Frank Sinatra, and has been given a new contract by RKO Radio. . . . Linda Darnell will have the feminine lead in "It Happened Tomorrow." . . . Production starts soon on a Navy musical, "Bring on the Girls," starring Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake and Dick Powell. . . . Porter Hall has been tested for the role of Heinrich Himmler in "The Hitler Gang." . . . Dorothy Lamour returns to her sarong in the Technicolor musical, "Rainbow Island."

COAST TO COAST. Ann Corio starts rehearsing soon for her first legit show, "Sleep It Off." . . . Frank Sinatra's young fans were warned by the announcer of CBS's "Broadway Bandbox" program that they'd have to behave themselves or studio audiences for future programs might be eliminated. . . . Bonnie Baker was granted court permission to retain that name legally instead of her real monicker, Evelyn Nelson. . . . The hotel situation in Chicago is hot, with one paper threatening an expose of alleged "racket" practices. . . . Cafe owners in Pittsburgh have nixed a midnight curfew as a solution to the liquor shortage. . . . Memphis niteries are being shuttered for one reason or another practically wholesale by the authorities. . . . Sonja Henie's 1944 Hollywood Ice Revue opens at the Coliseum, Indianapolis, before shoving off for stops in Detroit, Chicago and New York. . . . Safe crackers clipped the Whirl-a-Way Club, East St. Louis, Ill., for a bundle of dough totaling $893. . . . The Allegheny and Lincoln Theaters in Philadelphia are adding vaudeville to their regular bills.

CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE to move and win — which, it might seem, shouldn't be hard, since White is one ahead. But how about the vulnerable checker on square 11? If it stays there, it's a goner. If it moves 11 to 8, then 23 to 19 draws for Black. Can you find a way out of the dilemma?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



NO true pin-up expert need be told, but in case there are any amateurs in the mob today this is to let them know the picture of Hedy Lamarr at the left is something of a history-maker. Why? The legs, man, the legs. Hedy's been hiding them a long, long time. Unveiling takes place in MGM's "The Heavenly Body."

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

NOTE ON THE FOOD SITUATION

Dehydration
May be saving the nation,
But it's sure as hell killing me.

The K ration
Does not impassion
Me
(Nor does ration C),
And eggs when dehydrated
Are vastly overrated.

They say the soy
Contains oodles of gastronomic joy,
But to me it's still just one of the beans
(And you know what that means).

Yes sir, I am less than impressed
With this World-at-War and Army mess.
Give me back my ulcers and my three-inch steaks,
My super-acidity and chocolate layer cakes,
My shrimps a la Creole and lemon-cream pie.
Can you name a more beautiful way to die?

Frankly, things have come to such an unpretty pass that I wouldn't be at all surprised to come up against some delectable little dove
Who dishes out super-dehydrated love.

Dehydration
May be saving the nation,
But it's sure as hell killing me!

Maxton AAB, N. C. —Cpl. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

—Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.

ARMY CHAPEL

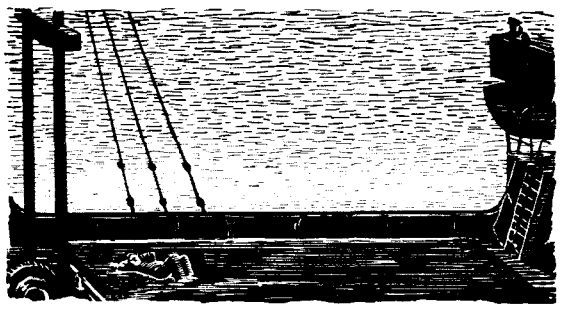
The doors stand open for the files of men
Whose step is lighter at the Sunday dawn.
These are the ones who yesterday had been
All fierce and heavy with their weapons on.
They are the grimmest worshippers of all
Who come to sing the quiet songs today,
Who have the strident marches to recall
And who have knelt to fire, but not to pray.
Just what the troubled heart will call its own
And will remember from this steepled place,
If fully felt, but not precisely known,
And written only on the soldier's face.
It is a search for rightness, little more—
The strangest, strongest weapon of the war.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. DARRELL BARTEE

STRIPES

I can't get any stripes,
My hopes are forsaken:
There's more hand-shakers here
Than hands to be shaken.

Dow Field, Maine —Pvt. SAMYEL J. PROFETA



ON THE WAY

Another day spent out,
And I lie on the hatch
Feeling the propeller beat
Like a wild heart.

And I think of you.
Everywhere I look
I see you; in the rigging
Taut with wind; in the sky,
The solitude of space.

Nothing is so lost
As a ship at sea;
No man so lonely
As a sailor.

Australia —Cpl. GEORGE KAUFFMAN

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

I ventured where no others trod,
And there upon some alien sod
Still virgin midst that man-made hell,
Weary in body and soul, I fell.

The pain I felt, it mattered not.
My thoughts were with that lonely spot
Serene and still; oh God, to rest
My heavy head upon its breast.

I died, but did they bury me
Where I forever wished to be,
Alone beneath that grassy plain
Unknown except by worm and rain?

They came and took me far away,
But what they took was only clay;
My soul forever shall abide
On a foreign plain in the countryside.

State College, N. Mex. —Pvt. IRA E. JACKSON

JINGLE

I cannot stand my middle name,
I even hate to spell it.
If I had (NMI) for mine
You'd surely hear me yell it.

Africa —Sgt. E. BLACKWELL

LETTER DIVISION

CAN you break down this puzzle in division? Each letter stands for a number. It's your problem to dope out what the numbers should be. We'll give you one clue as a starter: A equals 3.

$$\frac{\text{T O P}}{\text{H A T}} = \text{H}$$

Solution on page 22.

GOLF-LOG

THIS word game is scored like golf. Lowest total wins. *Example:* Change DOG to CAT in three strokes. *Answer:* DOG. 1. COG. 2. COT. 3. CAT.

Get the idea? At each stroke one letter is changed to form a new word. Now try CAMP to TENT. Par is five strokes.

CAMP — 3. . . . . .
1. . . . . — 4. . . . . .
2. . . . . — 5. TENT

Solution on page 22.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

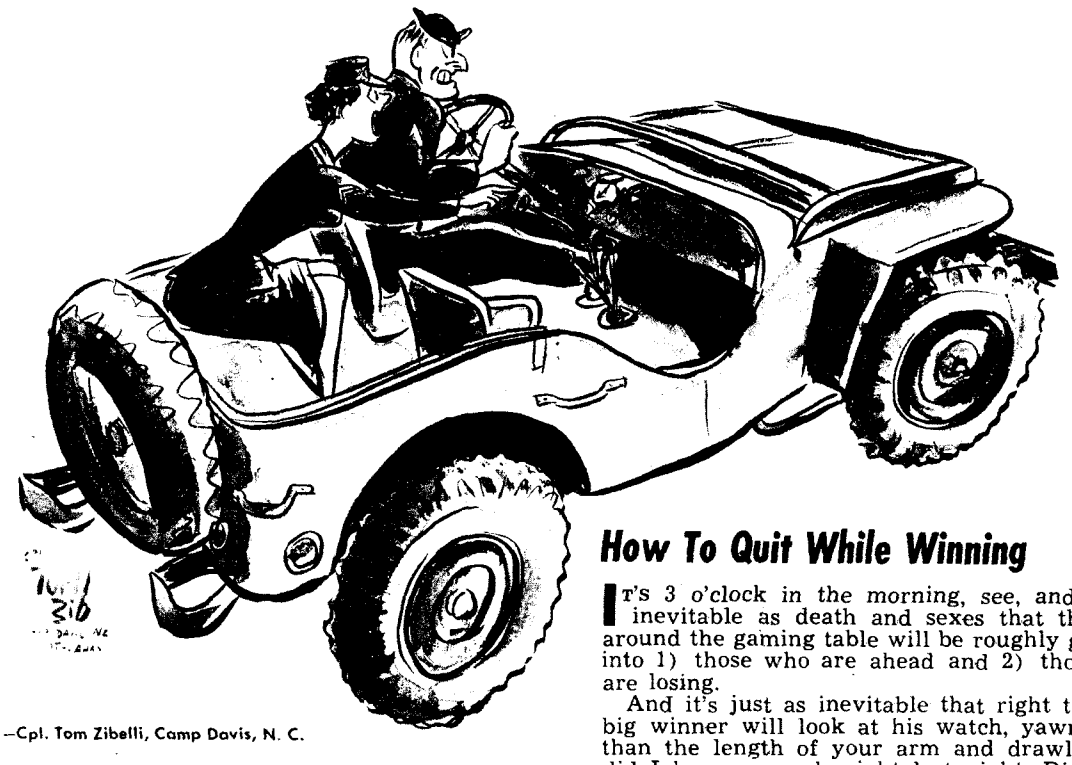
ADVICE TO WRITIN' ROOKIES

I believe a writin' rookie
Has a right to holler: "Looky,
Army life is sometimes easy pickin'."
But it often gets annoyin'
—Even if it is Saroyan—
To have a rookie write about goldbrickin'.

Take it easy, brand-new soldier,
And restrain that pencil holder
Until you've learned your share of Army gripes.
Experience will quicken
Your knowledge of goldbrickin'
But you cannot be an expert without stripes.

So deny your urge for bitchin'
Till you've put a little hitch in,
Then break out in print with written wails.
Then if you ask for what we plead,
You'll discover that our need
Is a tale to end all goldbrick tales.

Somewhere in New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS



—Cpl. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

LAMENT, ABBREVIATED

I put in for a CDD;
Instead I got ASTP.
PS:
TS.

Univ. of Minnesota —Cpl. WILLIAM N. OATIS

NOTE TO VICTORY-BOOK CAMPAIGNERS

One morale uplifter
We deem quite a bore
Is she who sends us copies
Of the "Farmers' Almanack and
Agricultural Yearbook for 1894."

Mitchel Field, N. Y. —Sgt. BERT BRILLER

Soldier Meets Civilian

"WHY, hello there, civilian!"

"Huh? Oh, hello."

"Now you sit right down. Plenty of room on this train for both of us. Have a cigar?"

"Well, I don't usually smoke cigars, but——"

"That's it. Well, how do you like being a civilian?"

"Oh, it's all right, I guess. Some things about it I like, and some things I don't."

"What outfit you with?"

"Oh, I'm in insurance."

"No! What outfit?"

"Well, the Prudential."

"Whaddaya know! I've got an uncle who's a civilian in insurance. He's with the Metropolitan. He's a district manager. What're you?"

"Me? I'm just a kind of statistician."

"Hmm. Seems to me a man of your intelligence ought to be a manager. Tell me, how much do you make a month?"

"About $200, I guess, but——"

"Well, that's not so bad. Tell me, you statisticians still using Monroe calculators?"

"Oh, yes."

"What kind you got—the old model you have to crank by hand or the new electric kind?"

"Well, I have to crank mine, but I hear the company's getting some of the new kind."

"Well, they ought to! How long you been with Prudential?"

"About 18 months."

"And before that?"

"I was a file clerk."

"Where?"

"In Canton. With the electric company."

"And how do you like your office manager? Pretty tough baby, I guess?"

"Oh, he's all right. He doesn't bother me much."

"Doesn't, eh? Well, I guess there are all kinds. You know, I was once a civilian myself. I bet you civilians raise the Merry Old Ned once in a while."

"Yes, sometimes we have fun."

"Excuse me, but I've been wondering what that button in your lapel was for."

"Oh, that's just a Rotary Club button."

"I see. What'd you get it for—unearthing some subversive activity? Trapping some fifth columnists, eh?"

"Why, no. I got it for joining the Rotary Club."

"Oh. Just for joining the Rotary Club."

"Yes."

"I see. It does *something* for your suit, but not much. Frankly, don't you think your suit is kind of drab? I like these Harris tweeds some of the civilians are wearing. Much snappier."

"Yes, they are."

"Well, where are you going now?"

"To Columbus. To visit my mother."

"I bet she really thinks of lot of you! How long's it been since you saw her?"

"About five months."

"Well, she'll be glad to see *you*. Do you write often?"

"Pretty often. I guess."

"That isn't nice. You should write all the time. But tell me, what's the War Production Board planning for next year? I mean, being a civilian, you probably hear a lot about that."

"Gee, I don't know. I just work for an insurance company."

"Oh. Well, my goodness, this is where I get off. Say, if you're ever at Fort Snark, look me up. I'm in Barracks 3428, Street L. Just ask for Cpl. Snowbird. Everybody knows me there around Company D. Glad to see you any time. Been nice talking to you."

"Sure has. I mean, you, too."

"Well, so long. And don't forget what I said about writing to mother!"

Alaska —Sgt. LEONARD SILK

—Cpl. J. D. Cauthorn, Camp Roberts, Calif.

How To Quit While Winning

IT'S 3 o'clock in the morning, see, and it's as inevitable as death and sexes that the guys around the gaming table will be roughly grouped into 1) those who are ahead and 2) those who are losing.

And it's just as inevitable that right then the big winner will look at his watch, yawn wider than the length of your arm and drawl: "Boy, did I have a rough night last night. Didn't get in till 4 and had to stand reveille."

The rest of the guys will look at each other knowingly and sympathize deeply, because they know he is facing the eternal problem of how to quit while winner and still give the losers the impression that he wished to hell he didn't have to quit.

I am never faced with this problem myself, since I seldom win, but in the interests of science I have watched closely the hollow eyes, the haggard looks and pale complexions of the Joes as the moo passes back and forth.

For instance, by chance I was sitting in on a little He Horse poker game the other night and the guy sitting across the table from me was a little behind. He was wide awake and as alert as a tomato on her first GI date. But then he started winning.

He took four pots in a row, ran a bluff out on the fifth, made an ace-high stand-up in the sixth and copped two more. This, of course, shot him right up there as the big winner of the night.

Immediately he was attacked by a case of sleeping sickness the likes of which you've never seen. His drowsy lids had to be propped open with match sticks and somebody had to kick him when his turn came to deal.

So he had to cash in and go to bed, and the only wonder was that he could make such an accurate count of his chips while practically unconscious.

Then there's the trick used—but only in a crisis—by the big-money man of the night, who suddenly makes wry faces and holds his side as though in great pain.

"Oh, my appendix," he says.

"You want to quit?" we ask, looking at each other.

"No," he says bravely, in tones as cheery as an air-raid siren, "I'll play on. I'm winner. Oooooh!"

The last is accompanied with a grab for his side. The game finally breaks up, of course, in sympathy for the poor winner.

One guy walked out 40 bucks winner recently by refusing to play with only five men left in the game. Superstitious about that many players, he said.

But not all of these techniques work all the time. There is still a fortune to be made by the man who digs up a sure-fire answer to this problem. Myself, I don't have any problem. My system is simple. From the first pot on I moan, "Oh, if I could only get even," and I never do.

Camp Haan, Calif. —T-5 JACK ORR

QUESTION

What in the world will we ever do
(It has always puzzled me)
When the battle starts and no one knows
What the uniform will be?

Camp Sibert, Ala. —Sgt. MILTON GEWERTZ

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. Only one move turns the trick for White, and that's 6 to 10. Now if Black jumps 7 to 14, then White's 15 to 18 wins immediately. So Black chooses to jump 7 to 16. . . . Then White moves 15 to 18. Black jumps 23 to 14 to 7. . . . White jumps 2 to 11 to 20 to 27 and wins.

LETTER DIVISION.

$\frac{4\ 6\ 8}{2\ 3\ 4} = 2$

GOLF LOG.

CAMP.
1. CAME.
2. CANE.
3. CANT.
4. CENT.
5. TENT.

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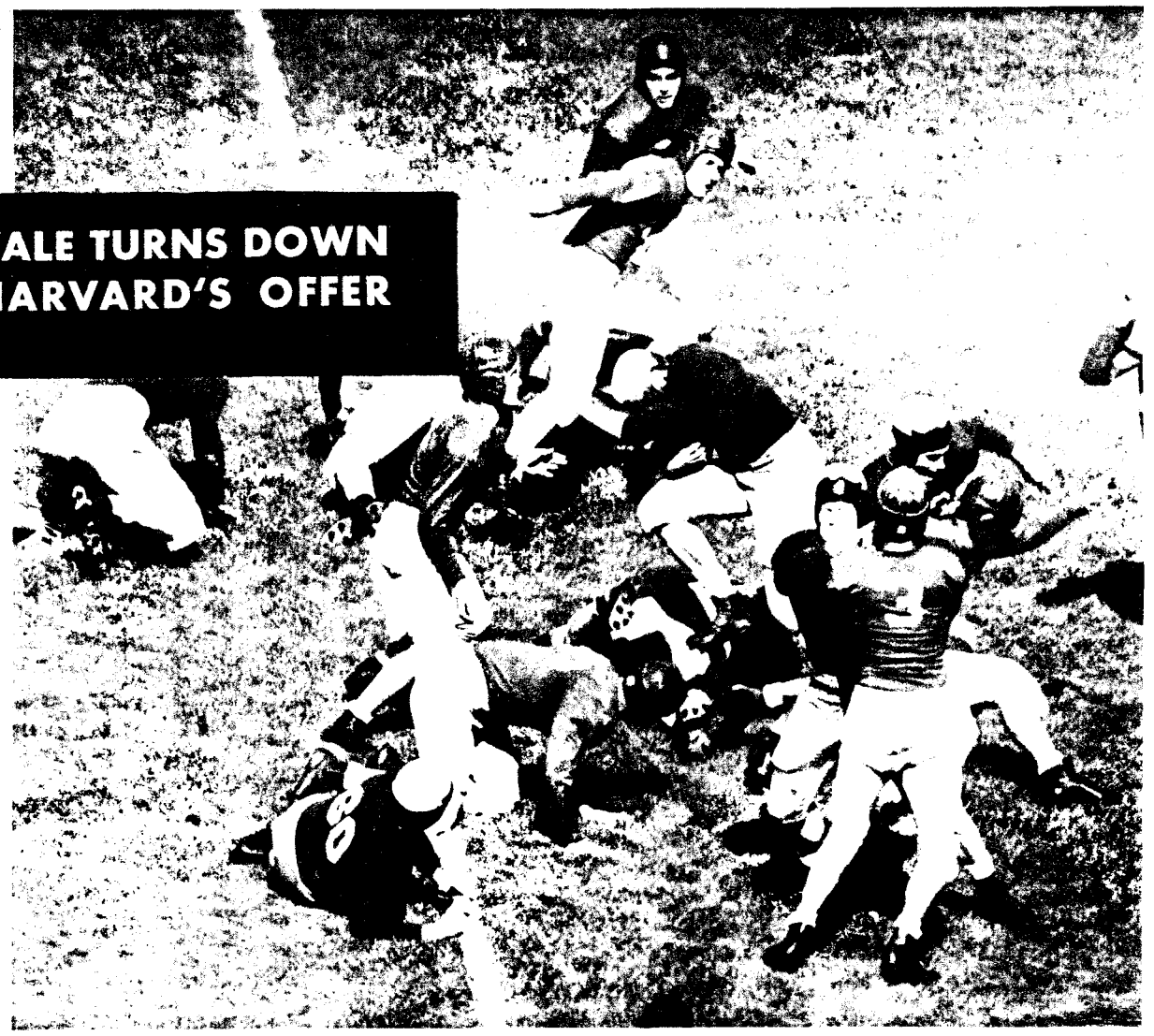
SPORTS: YALE TURNS DOWN HARVARD'S OFFER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Here Yale's small, brave squad of Elis romp over Muhlenberg. That's Ed Strype cracking the line.

THERE has been much moaning at the bar of the Harvard Club lately. Yale stoutly refuses to have any truck with Harvard's informal football team.

To get the whole story about why Yale gave the Johnnies the brush off, we consulted a solid Eli Blue from 'way back, T-5 Bartlett Billingsley, the only clerk in our orderly room who can spell.

"As I see it," Billingsley said, twirling a Skull and Bones key under the first sergeant's nose and patting the small bulldog he hides in the 201 files during inspections, "Harvard mislaid its football team for no good reason. And Harvard can stay out as far as we're concerned. This fall the Ivy League needed Crimson support more than ever, and they quit on us. They had as much material as anybody. They are a Navy school, and they have as many V-12s as we have.

"If you ask me," Billingsley continued, climbing on the imitation New Haven fence he hides in the Immediate Action memorandums during inspections, "this plan to lure Yale into Harvard Stadium for a post-season game in November was a vicious plot concocted on Beacon Hill by a lot of old Hasty Pudding Club men named Cabot and Peabody. They damn well knew Yale was playing a back-breaking schedule this fall, and that by November our small, brave squad of Elis would be completely exhausted."

If Billingsley wanted a few details, Yale's small, brave squad of Elis was exhausted as early as Oct. 6 when Pennsylvania belabored them, 41 to 7.

"Meanwhile," Billingsley said, "these so-called Harvard informals would be playing a ridiculous schedule of just four games with a lot of soft touches like Camp Edwards, Vassar and Wellesley. It was their plan to catch us after our small squad had been depleted by the wear and tear of a tough schedule, and then ambush us with their fresh forces. Why should we stick our necks into that mouse trap? Not a chance!"

It might be well to point out here that there's nothing informal about Harvard's football team except the wrinkles on the back of its moleskin pants. You would hardly call a backfield composed of Dick Warren, Leo Lauterbach, Swede Anderson and Paul Perkins informal—unless it's because they like to be called by their first names. Lauterbach, a Navy transfer from Minnesota, is a triple-threater in the authentic sense of the word. Anderson, a blocking back, was the boy who made Harlow's last Harvard team really click.

"Mind you," Billingsley said, "we're not afraid of Harvard. I think Yale could beat Harvard if we played them every Saturday. But just suppose we did happen to lose to them through some bad officialing. Do you know what could happen? Those Boston newspapers would go crazy. I can see the headlines now: YALE DRUBBED, 7-6, BY BUNCH OF HARVARD INFORMALS. My Gawd!

"No self-respecting Yale coach would ever leave himself open for that sort of ridicule. We'd chase him clear out of New Haven if he did. Yale offered Harvard a game last August, and they turned us down. But now they've had a change of heart. Well, it came too late."

It now develops that this wasn't the only score on which Harvard had a change of heart. When Yale gave them the cold shoulder they scheduled a game with Boston College's improvised football team for late November in Harvard Stadium. This was absolutely shocking. It meant that the plush cord was finally down in Boston. Now the unwashed McCarthys and Shehans could once again play with the Lodges and Frothinghams of Beacon Hill.

The last time Boston College and Harvard played each other was in 1919 when the Crimson's Rose Bowl team, powered by Eddie Casey, rolled over B. C., 17-0. The following spring the two schools broke off relations. Oddly enough, it was B. C. that decided to call it quits. They were hurt because Harvard had dropped them from its baseball schedule, and in retaliation they canceled their football game with Harvard.

But now after 20 years the Jesuit boys from Chestnut Hill will again romp in the sacred confines of the ivy-covered Harvard Stadium. B. C. would have better appreciated this privilege a year ago. They really had some uncouth cookies around then. Guys like Bouley and Holovak, who are now in the Army. B. C. has no Navy V-12 program and its 1943 eleven is even more informal than Harvard claims to be, which is plenty.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THERE'S a mess sergeant at Camp Lee, Va., who can tell you all about the appetites of the New York football Giants. When the Giants played at Lee recently, they cleaned up 35 pounds of hot dogs at a single sitting. . . . Yankee slugger **Charlie Keller** will be the next big-league star inducted under the new pre-Pearl Harbor father draft. . . . **Ken Overlin**, now in Hawaii with the Navy, could fight as heavyweight if he wanted to. He weighs 185 pounds. . . . **Mickey Vernon**, the Senators' first baseman, is taking his boot training at the Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station. . . . **Bill Dickey**, whose "game and set" homer won the series for the Yankees, is back on active flying status with the CAP in Little Rock, Ark. . . . **Col. Harry (Lighthorse Harry) Wilson**, former All-American halfback at Penn State and Army, will be upped to a BG shortly. He's in the South Pacific commanding a group of Mitchell Bombers known as the "Night Nemesis" and only the other day added the Oak Leaf cluster to his decorations. . . . A recent German casualty list carried the name of **Hans Woelkke**, 1936 Olympic shot-put champion.

What's become of **Sgt. Ben Hogan** who went to OCS at Miami Beach this summer? Wasn't he supposed to graduate in the same class with **Lt. Donald Budge?** . . . **Glenn Dobbs**, Tulsa's All-American Sugar Bowl star, busted out of flying school because of a vision defect and is now a physical-training noncom at Randolph Field, Tex.

For the first time in history, a football squad travels by glider and transport plane. Here one half of the North Carolina Pre-Flight junior varsity team boards a glider at Chapel Hill for Camp Mackall, N. C.

His kid brother Bobby is a third-string halfback at West Point. . . . **Lt. Lou Duesing**, co-captain of Brown's 1941 football team, has completed the ATC's First Pilot School in Africa. . . . The Georgia Pre-Flight School is throwing its weight around with lots more authority since **Pat (Hit 'em Again) Harder** of Wisconsin and **Steve Filipowicz**, Fordham's rapid Ram, were added to the team. . . . It's now **Cpl. Bob Carpenter** at Camp Grant, Ill. He's the former Giant pitcher.

GIs at March Field, Calif., are booming their undefeated Fourth Air Force football team as the western representative for the Rose Bowl, come New Year's Day. You might remember some of this gang—**Cpl. Jimmy Nelson**, Alabama All-American halfback; **Sgt. Ollie Day**, quarterback of USC's 1939 Rose Bowl team; **Sgt. Bob DeFruiter**, Nebraska halfback; **Cpl. Jumping Joe Williams**, Ohio State All-American halfback; **Pvt. Leo Cantor**, UCLA and New York Giant fullback; **Pvt. Hank Norberg**, end on Stanford's Rose Bowl club, and **Cpl. Indian Jack Jacobs**, another "All" guy from Oklahoma. . . . The Navy has commissioned two more of the Chicago Bears, fullback **Bill Osmanski** and end **Johnny Siegal**. . . . To those GIs in India who were betting on the height and weight of Indiana's All-American Bill Hillenbrand: he's 6 feet and weighs 190 pounds, and not 6 feet 6, as one of you contended! In case you're interested, Bill is back at Indiana as an Army trainee, but is not allowed to play football.

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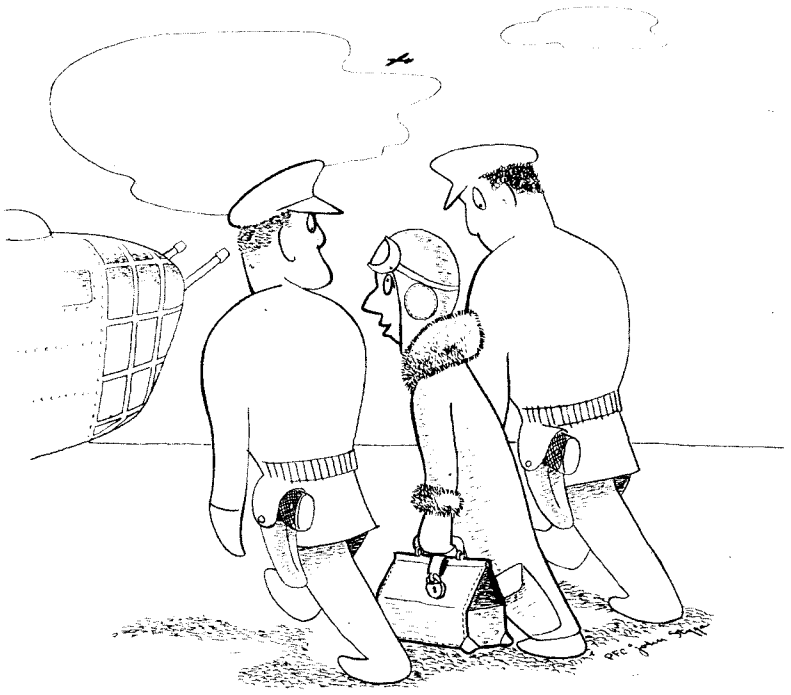
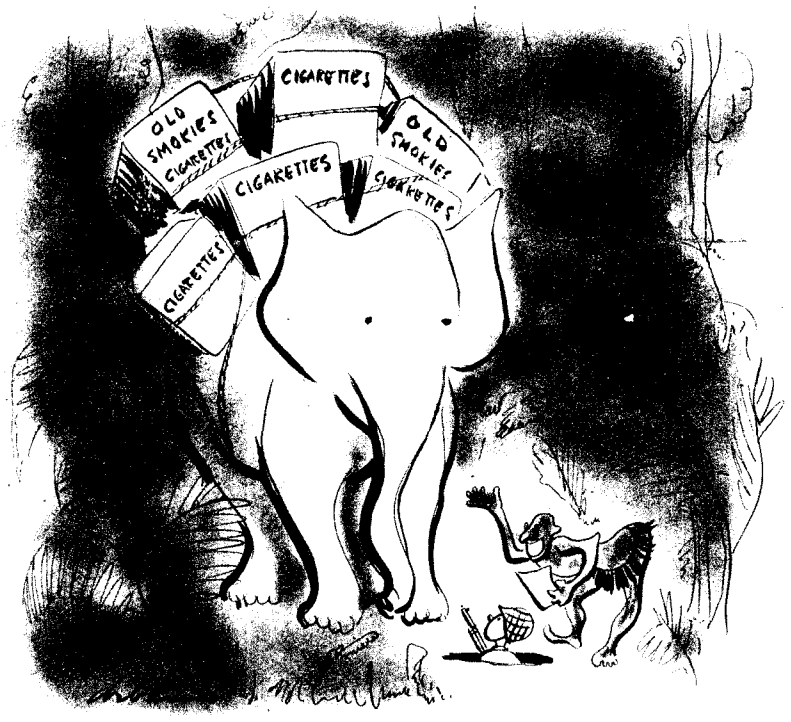


"BOMBSIGHT? NO, TWO HAM SANDWICHES AND A THERMOS OF COFFEE."

—Pfc. John Styga



"PVT. MILLER, YOUR MOTHER ANSWERED THE OLD SMOKIES PROGRAM'S QUESTION OF THE WEEK."

—Sgt. Edward G. Urban

"CHEER UP, MERVIN—WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

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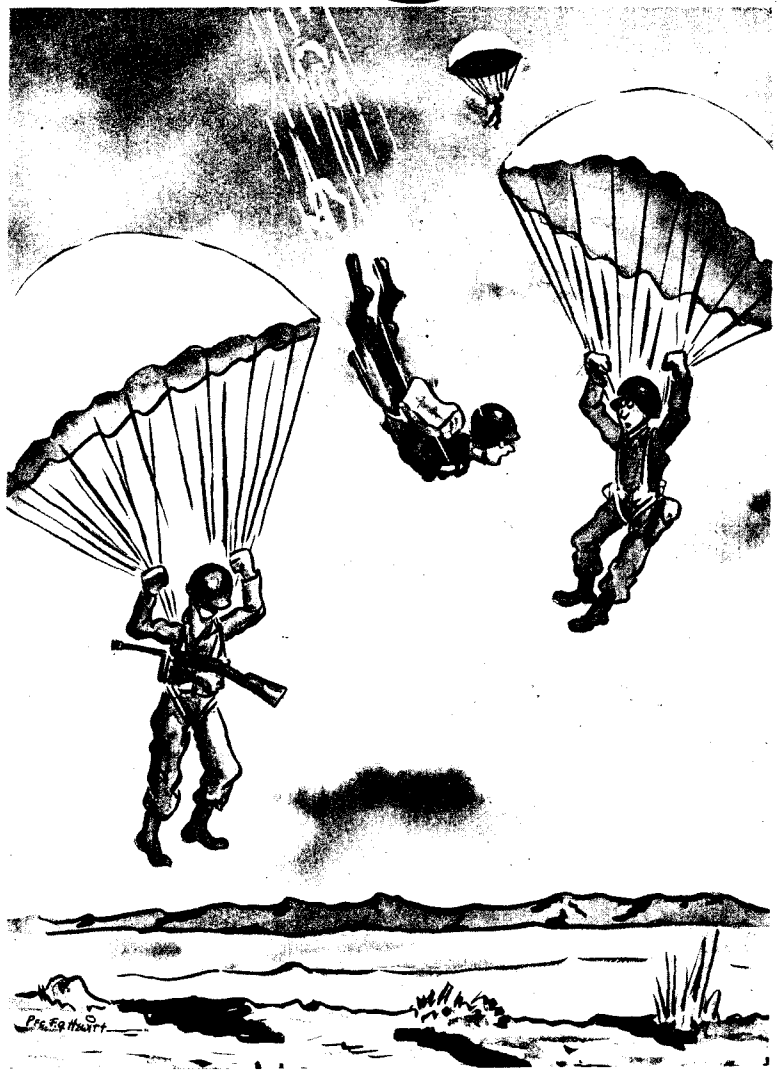

"NOW, SARGE?"

—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

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